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leave you,
Eddie!

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report of
LIZ TAYLOR'S
fight for
her life

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modern screen

MARCH, 1960

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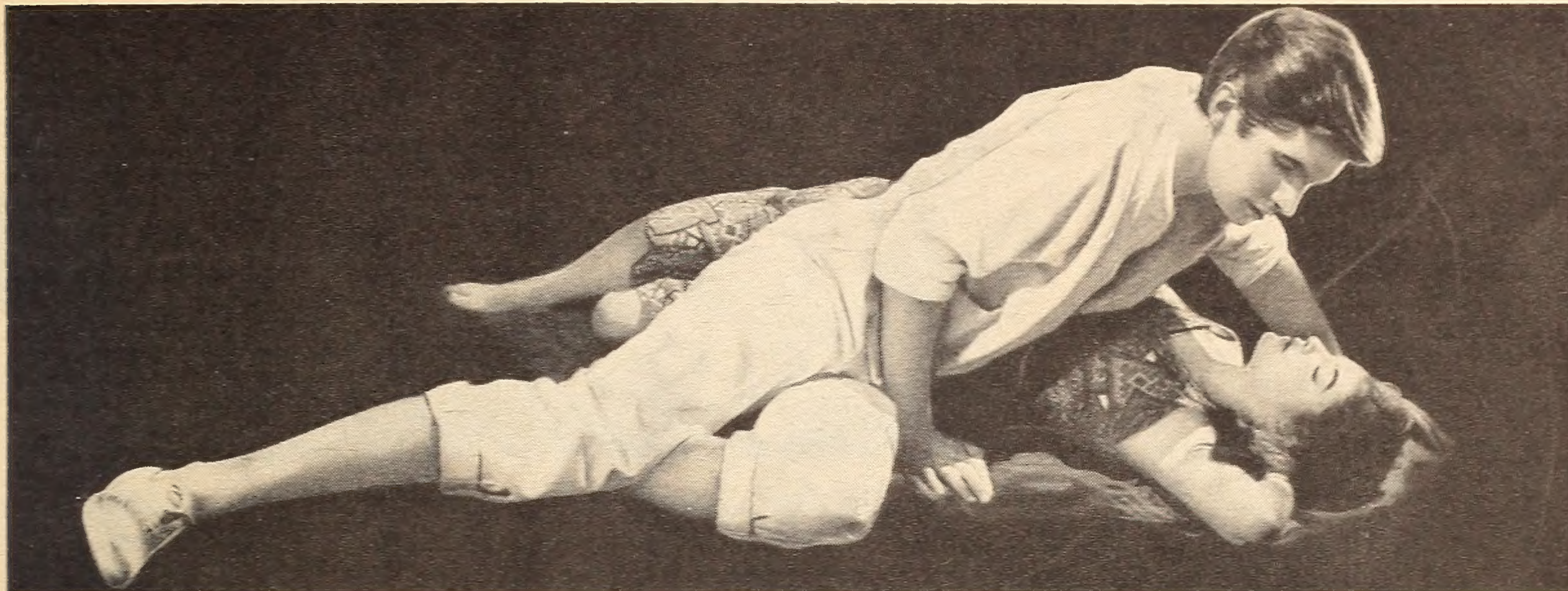
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THEY WANTED—SO MUCH—TO LOVE EACH OTHER



BUT BETWEEN THEM, LIKE A WALL, WAS A FATHER'S SHAMELESS PAST AND A MOTHER'S POSSESSIVE LOVE



AND A BOY, WHOSE STRANGE SECRET THE WHOLE TOWN KNEW...TOO WELL!



Starring

ROBERT MITCHUM • ELEANOR PARKER

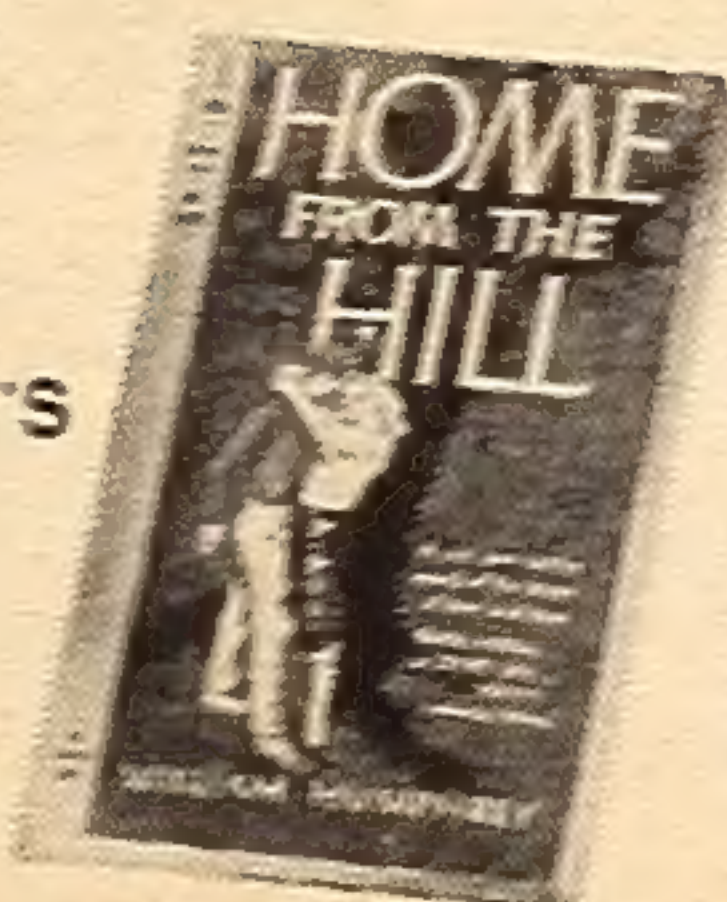
Co-Starring

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Screen Play by **HARRIET FRANK, Jr. and IRVING RAVETCH** • In CinemaScope And METROCOLOR

Directed by **VINCENTE MINNELLI** • Produced by **EDMUND GRAINGER**

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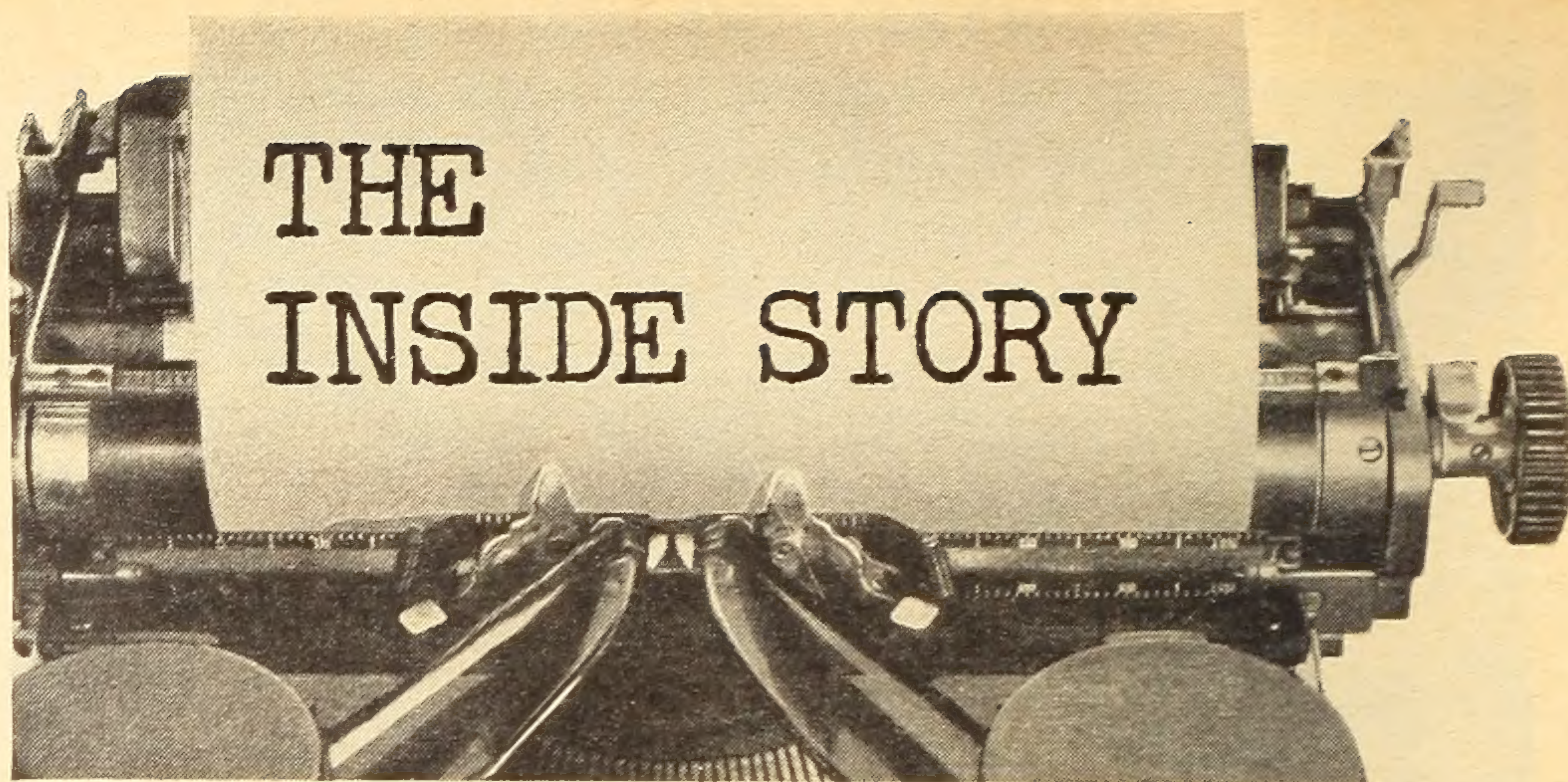
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THE INSIDE STORY



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Aside from the comedians and the older character actors, are there any top male stars in Hollywood who have stayed married to the first and only woman in their life for more than ten years—and without any separations either?

—T. R., STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

A Not too many. But **Bill Holden**, **Gordon MacRae**, **Joel McCrea**, **Richard Widmark**, **James Stewart**, **James Cagney**, **Gene Barry**, **Van Johnson**, **Burt Lancaster**, **Van Heflin**, **Louis Jourdan**, **Arthur Kennedy**, **Robert Ryan**, **Wendell Corey**, **MacDonald Carey**, **Jerry Lewis**, **Lloyd Bridges** and **Clint Walker** fit into this category. Other old marrieds like **Gary Cooper**, **Danny Kaye**, **Ray Milland**, **Spencer Tracy** and **Bob Mitchum**—have stayed married but skirted the divorce courts on several occasions.

Q Could you tell me **Zsa Zsa Gabor**'s secret of having such beautifully groomed hair? I've never seen her with a wisp out of place.

—R. P., ODESSA, TEXAS

A Wigs. **Zsa Zsa** has a dozen.

Q Who hold Hollywood's record for the most husbands and/or wives?

—A. S., RENO, NEV.

A **Martha Raye** has said "I do" six times. **Clark Gable** leads the men with 5 marriages to his credit.

Q Will you tell me who is the wealthier—**Liz Taylor** or **Debbie Reynolds**?

—E. F., CINCINNATI, OHIO

A **Liz**—by virtue of her share of the late **Mike Todd**'s estate.

Q Is it serious between **Frank Sinatra** and dancer **Juliette Prowse**? Is there any possibility they will marry?

—G. A., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

A As with all **Frank**'s romances—serious at the moment, but **Frank**'s moments are all short lived.

Q Is **Lee Farr**, co-star of **Robert Taylor**'s *The Detectives*, any relation to actress **Felicia Farr**?

—L. J., ENCINO, CALIF.

A He's the father of her nine year old daughter. **Felicia** divorced **Lee** when she got her first film break.

Q If **Esther Williams** is dating that Doctor LaScola as reported—where does this leave **Jeff Chandler**?

—M. N., TACOMA, WASH.

A Sitting at home nights.

Q Is **Bob Hope** completely cured of that eye-ailment that bothered him most of last year—or is it a permanent condition?

—B. S., SCRANTON, PA.

A **Bob**'s eye has improved—but doctors feel it could be a permanent malady unless he follows their orders and slows down.

Q I read that **Gary Merrill** left the tour he was on with **Bette Davis** because he had a picture commitment. Is this really so—or are there other reasons?

—D. D., SIOUX CITY, IOWA

A **Gary** who had to report for *THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY* was reportedly not enjoying the pleasure of his wife's company. The marriage is shaky again.

Q Is it true that 20th Century-Fox wouldn't give **Stephen Boyd** the lead opposite **Marilyn Monroe** in *Let's Make Love* because they were so furious at him for walking out on *The Story of Ruth*?

—R. K., MUNCIE, IND.

A Partially.

Q Could you tell me which movie stars have made the list of the ten best-dressed women in America this year?

—B. T., ALBANY, N. Y.

A None.

Q How are such stars as **Henry Fonda**, **June Allyson**, **Robert Taylor**, **Betty Hutton**, **Dennis O'Keefe**, etc., doing on TV? Popularity-wise?

—P. D., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Fine on the *Late Show*. Their series have failed to recapture their golden days on the big screen.

Q What makes a movie or TV star fight with his studio for a new contract and more money the minute he achieves any kind of popularity—when, just a year ago, he'd have given his right arm for any kind of a break?

—S. B., HARDY, ARK.

A Short memories—big heads!

Q It's been a whole year since **Rock Hudson** made *Pillow Talk*. Since he's the most popular star in Hollywood—what's keeping him from working?

—P. G., OAK RIDGE, TENN.

A A difference of opinion with *Universal-International*. They won't allow him to leave the lot for the pictures and plays he wants to do—he doesn't like the scripts they want him to do.

Q Now that **Ava Gardner** has gotten such good reviews for *On The Beach*, has she softened her hostile attitude toward the press?

—P. K. D., TRENTON, N. J.

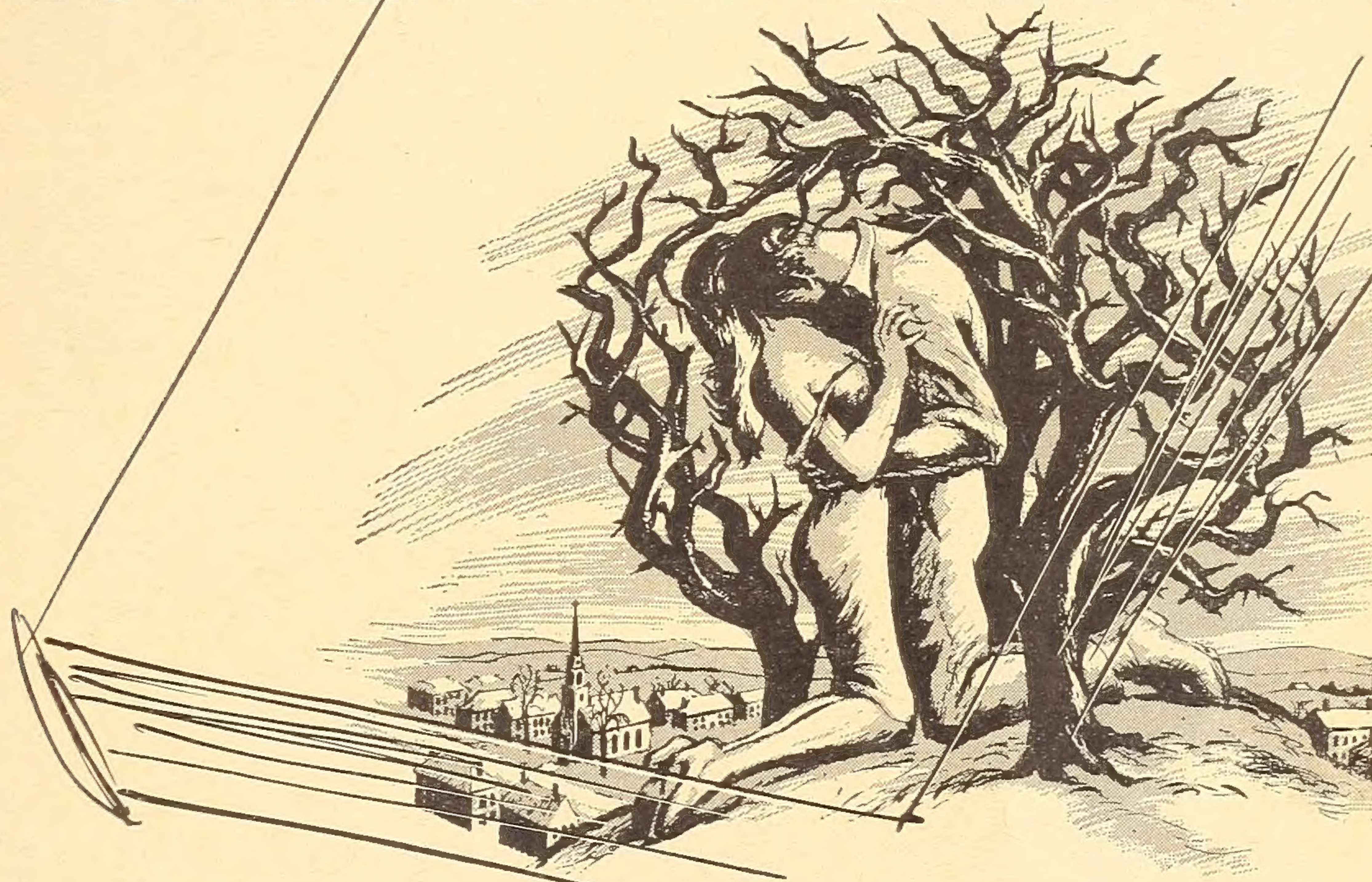
A Only toward the critics that gave her the fine notices. Interviews and photographers are still on her "get lost" list.

The Bramble Bush

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Walter Winchell



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FRAN

"I'm not a motel tramp. I don't want you to think I am!"

MARGRETH

made Guy forget she was his best friend's wife.

GUY

opened a door and saw too much.

PARKER

didn't touch them—he just took pictures.

STARRING

Richard Burton · Barbara Rush

CO-STARRING

Jack Carson · Angie Dickinson · James Dunn

(The sensational 'Feathers' of 'Rio Bravo'!)

A **WARNER BROS. PICTURE** **TECHNICOLOR®**

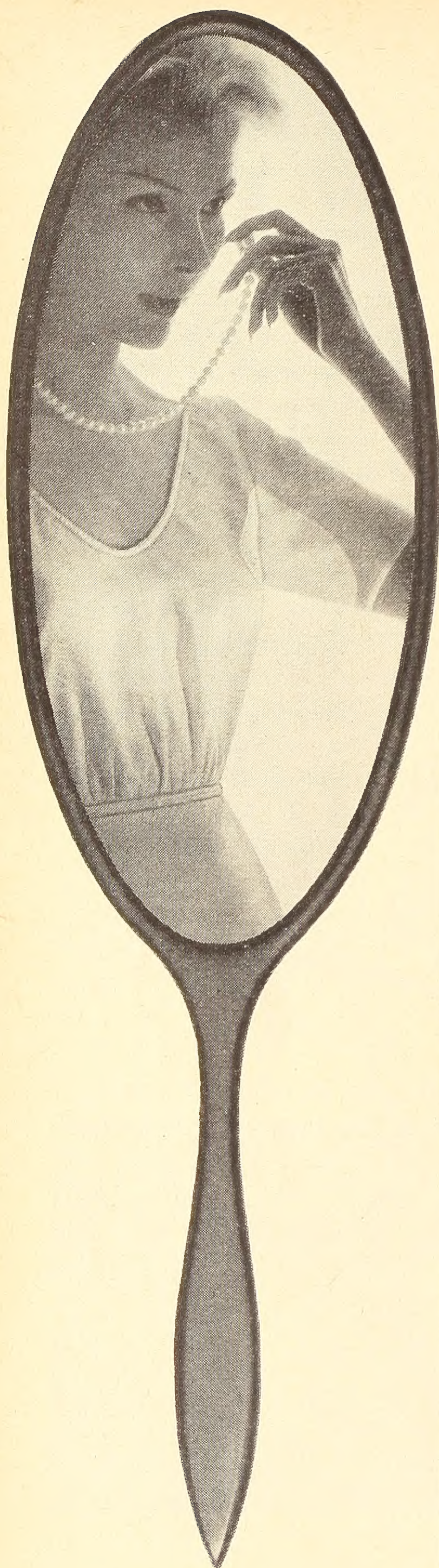
ALSO STARRING

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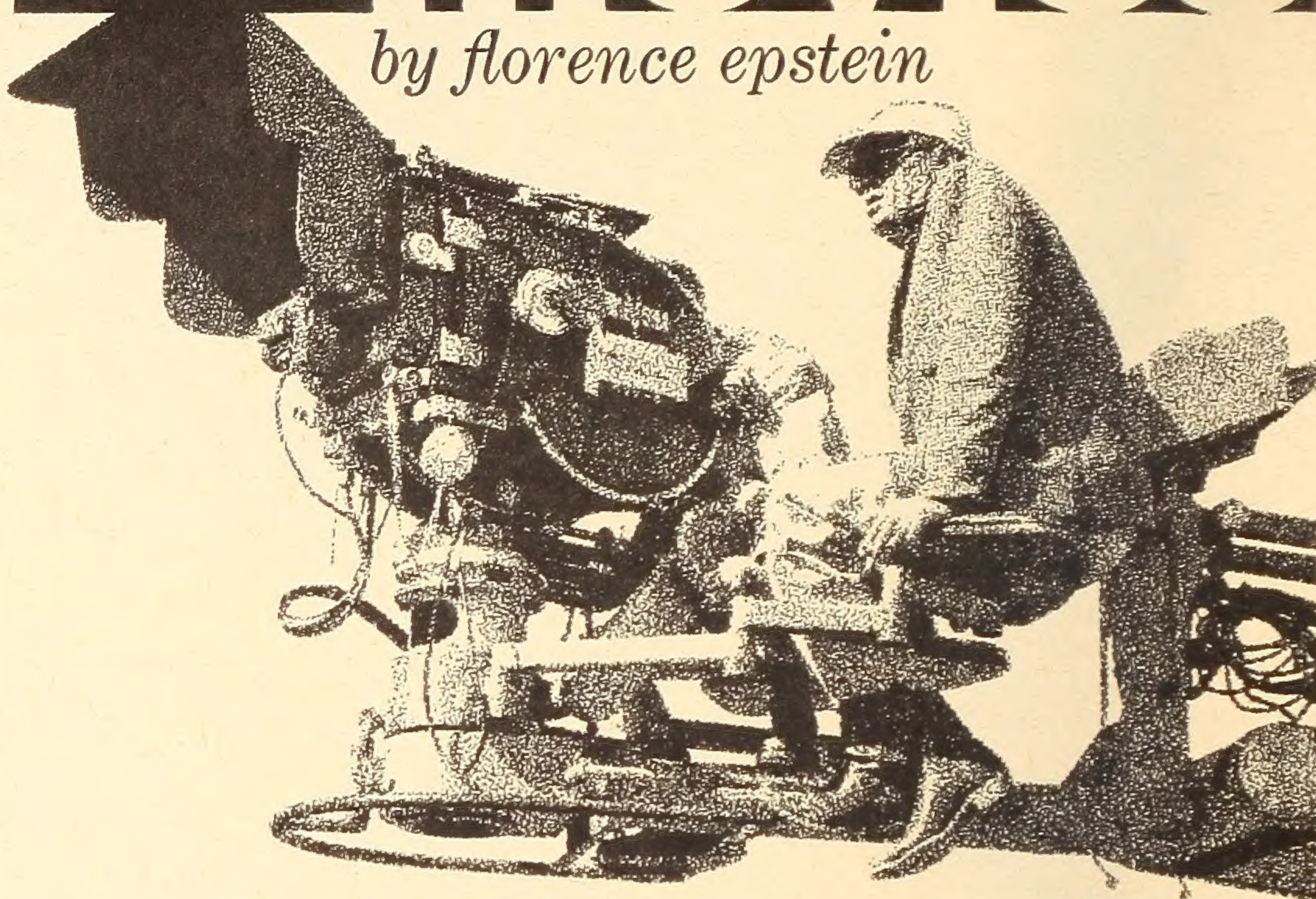


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new movies

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ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING

music and madness

Yul Brynner
Kay Kendall
Gregory Ratoff
Geoffrey Toone
Maxwell Shaw

■ Yul Brynner is a marvelous symphony conductor, but he is an impossible person. If it weren't for his wife (the late Kay Kendall) his temper tantrums would have ruined his career long ago. She smooths the way, faints at appropriate moments, is unfailingly charming. One day while she and Yul's manager, Gregory Ratoff, are out managing his career, Yul prepares to hear a 12-year-old child prodigy (Shirley Ann Field). Shirley, it seems, was the victim of a typographical error. She's 21. This delights Yul, who knows how to turn a private concert into a personal conquest. Unfortunately, when Kay comes home she kicks him out of the house. His career plunges while Kay is falling in love with a college president (she's teaching music at the college). A rich music lover, and orchestra sponsor (Grace Newcombe) agrees to sign Yul to a contract if he can prove that he and Kay have reconciled. Kay arrives at the right time and place (Yul's house) but for the wrong reason. She announces that she wants a divorce. The catch is, they were never legally married. Now Kay wants to get married so that she can get a divorce so that she can marry the president without having to seem like a fallen woman. Zany's what you call this film, and fun, too.—TECHNICOLOR-COLUMBIA.

WHO WAS THAT LADY?

how to save your marriage

Tony Curtis
Janet Leigh
Dean Martin
Barbara Nichols
James Whitmore

■ When Janet Leigh sees Tony Curtis kissing another girl she's off to Reno—or says she is. And all this time she thought she was married to a simple college professor! Tony calls on his old college pal, Dean Martin, now a TV writer, to save him. He convinces Janet that Tony is an undercover FBI agent. Furthermore, says Dean, Tony knows the names of

all professors working on secret projects. And, of course, he was kissing that girl in the line of duty. Didn't enjoy it a bit. Janet swallows this whole; particularly since Dean has provided Tony with a revolver and an FBI card (props from CBS). But, the prop man unwisely notifies the FBI. Now that Tony's in Dean's power, Dean ropes him into spending an evening with a couple of chorus girls (Barbara Nichols, Joi Lansing). Loyal Janet runs after Tony (into a Chinese restaurant) to give him his revolver. Janet is accompanied by FBI agent James Whitmore who plays it cool. In the powder room Janet hears what she considers a plot to assassinate her husband (it's the chorus girls discussing one of Dean's 'proposals') and starts a scuffle with the revolver. A cruising TV-news-unit truck drifts by and Janet tells the world about her brave husband. In the world are some real foreign agents who come after him in the morning. Well, that's marriage for you.—COLUMBIA.

THE HYPNOTIC EYE

if looks could kill . . .

Jacques Bergerac
Allison Hayes
Marcia Henderson
Merry Anders
Joe Patridge

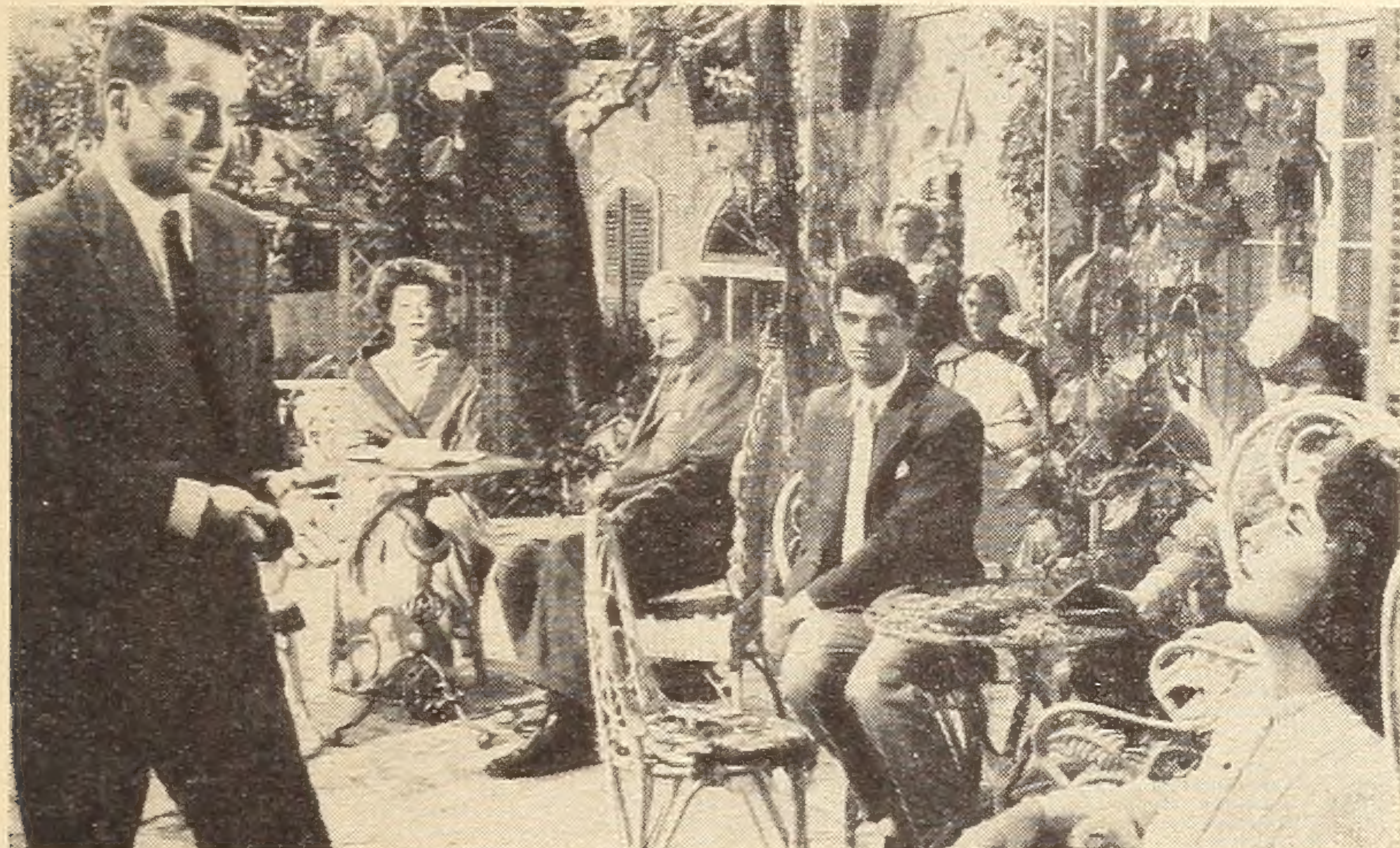
■ One would think that Jacques Bergerac didn't have to use any hocus-pocus to hypnotize the ladies, but here he is as the Great Desmond who has an eyeball throbbing with light (not *his* eyeball but a prop he uses on stage). Ladies come to see the show and then they go home and do all kinds of terrible things to themselves. (One girl went home and washed her hair in a gas burner—the burner was lit.) Detective Joe Patridge takes his girl, Marcia Henderson, and her friend, Merry Anders, to a Bergerac performance. It looks harmless; Merry volunteers to be hypnotized on stage and Bergerac's beautiful assistant, Allison Hayes, assists her. That night Merry douses herself with acid. Next night Marcia goes back to the theater and pretends to be hypnotized. Bergerac isn't fooled. Anyway, there's a monster in this picture who hates beautiful girls. Is it Bergerac?—ALLIED ARTISTS.

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER

Katharine Hepburn
Elizabeth Taylor
Montgomery Clift
Albert Dekker
Mercedes MacCambridge

■ Grief has turned Katharine Hepburn into an elegant recluse. She lives in a mansion in New Orleans surrounded by memories of her brilliant son, Sebastian, who died suddenly last summer in Italy. With him when he died was her niece Elizabeth Taylor. Now Elizabeth is in a sanitarium, apparently insane. Miss Hepburn has asked young psychiatrist, Montgomery Clift, to perform a frontal lobotomy on Elizabeth in a last attempt to relieve her misery (a lobotomy is a brain operation that kills the disease but renders the patient more or less infantile). As payment Miss Hepburn

offers to build a hospital for Clift and his superior, Albert Dekker. It's not that a lobotomy is illegal, it's that the patient must be really *hopeless* to undergo it. Clift, being an ethical physician, wants to be sure. The trouble is that Elizabeth, despite the fact that she was badly shocked by her cousin Sebastian's death and overwrought by being confined to a sanitarium, is more or less sane. However, Miss Hepburn is insistent, Albert Dekker wants his hospital and Montgomery Clift must make up his mind. As the mystery of Sebastian's horrible death unfolds, it's much easier for Clift to separate the insane from the merely neurotic. The movie is beautifully written, exotically imaginative, and essentially the story of a twisted relationship between a mother and her son.—COLUMBIA.



NEVER SO FEW

in the Burmese hills . . .

Frank Sinatra
Gina Lollobrigida
Peter Lawford
Steve McQueen
Paul Henreid

■ Captain Frank Sinatra's men do more with less than any other troops in World War II. They are a small group of Allied soldiers, stationed in the hills of Burma.

No medical supplies, no doctor (until Peter Lawford is drafted), no artillery support, not even orders. They just keep killing Japanese who nightly raid the camp.

Well, Sinatra, being a rugged individualist, is very successful at the sport. However, he must necessarily take a great deal into his own hands and this is what gets him into trouble with the higher-ups. When one of his Burmese soldiers is mortally wounded Sinatra kills him rather than prolong his death agony. When a Chinese convoy is slaughtered by *other* Chinese (working for War Lords) Sinatra leads an unauthorized raid into bandit headquarters. This provokes an international incident and Sinatra faces hanging by his own government (us).

Also, in Burma proper, is Gina Lollobrigida, looking luscious as the constant companion and houseguest of rich Paul Henreid. She gives Sinatra the cold shoulder (once she gives it to him from the bathtub) but it's obviously love. They come from different worlds, she keeps telling him. Never mind. Sinatra is an old hand at making it all *one* world. This movie hops rapidly along to its exciting climax. METROCOLOR, MGM.

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BESTFORM

new movies (Continued from page 7)

THE GENE KRUPA STORY Sal Mineo
Susan Kohner
James Darren
Susan Oliver
Yvonne Craig

Sal Mineo at the drums

■ Well, it begins in Chicago in the '20's. Gene (Sal Mineo) wants to be a drummer, but when he brings home a set of drums his father destroys them; his father wants him to be a priest. Sal rebels, plays in a jazz band organized by his friend James Darren and is much admired by girls (especially Yvonne Craig and Susan Kohner). When his father dies, dutiful Sal enters a seminary. It isn't for him. Despite the bitterness and disappointment of his mother (Celia Lovsky), he takes his drums to New York and, with driving ambition, works his way up to the big-time. Success ruins his romance with Susan Kohner and, temporarily ruins him (girls, girls, girls—parties, parties, parties)! And one day policemen find marijuana in his overcoat pocket. After ninety days in jail and months without work, Sal makes a comeback—looking startlingly unchanged. You'll hear some good music, and swinging singing by songstress Anita O'Day.—COLUMBIA.

THE GAZEBO

Debbie Reynolds
Glenn Ford
Carl Reiner
John McGiver
Mabel Albertson

corpse in the house

■ Broadway star Debbie Reynolds once made the mistake of posing for photos in the nude. Now her husband, TV director Glenn Ford, is paying for it. Blackmail. Ford would do anything to protect his wife's reputation; he'd even commit murder. That's where the gazebo comes in and where the high-pitched hilarity of this movie goes distinctly off-key. A gazebo is a round open-air platform with a high roof. Ladies like to put one in the garden and serve tea there. Ford would drink tea there if he weren't upset by the fact that a corpse is buried under it. *He* buried it. This whole movie revolves around Glenn's nitwit attempts first to pay off the blackmailer without making Debbie suspicious, and secondly to turn that blackmailer into the aforementioned corpse. Everybody's so gay about it you'd think murder was almost as good a game as Monopoly.—MGM.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES

BEN-HUR (MGM): The magnificent spectacle of Ben-Hur opens with a prologue of dazzling beauty—scenes of the birth of Christ—and moves into the conflict between the Judean prince Ben-Hur (Charlton Heston) and Roman Tribune Messala (Stephen Boyd). Boyd finally condemns Heston to galley slavery, puts his mother (Martha Scott) and sister (Kathy O'Donnell) into a dungeon. Jack Hawkins, as a Roman Commander who rescues Heston, and Haya Harareet, an ex-slave who loves him, figure prominently in this story of the triumph of the new kind of love taught by Christ.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY (United Artists): David Niven and Mitzi Gaynor are successful, chic, proud parents (of Kevin Coughlin, Patty Duke) and happily married. Happily, that is, until David's in-laws give them a 13th anniversary present—a TV set. An enraged David tells how it all really began in a happily *unmarried* state fourteen years ago. Well! All that follows is complicated but good fun.

HOUND-DOG MAN (Cinemascope, 20th-Fox): Fabian wants to go hunting with hound-dog man Stuart Whitman. Fabian's folks, Arthur O'Connell and Betty Field, finally let him go, with misgivings. The hunters meet Carol Lynley (bachelor Whitman likes her), find a pal, on the trail, with a broken leg. After the leg-setting, there's a barn party where Fabe's father proves to everybody he's pretty brave, and to Fabian that home isn't such a bad place, after all. This is Fabian's first picture.

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Party for Liz' new film

Glenn talks about Debbie

Audrey and Mel disagree



Sam Spiegel (standing), producer of Suddenly, Last Summer, stops to congratulate Liz Taylor (center) on her wonderful performance. Louella, Jimmy McHugh, Liz' mother, and Eddie Fisher also consider it a triumph.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Though they seldom go to Hollywood parties, the Clark Gables attended the one for Suddenly.



So in love, Jimmy Darren and Evy Norlund, will wed soon.



Comedians Milton Berle and Danny Kaye amuse Mrs. Kaye.



That charmer, Rock Hudson, was attentive to Doris Vidor, widow of the late Charles Vidor.



Although Liz was still weak from her recent pneumonia, she gave off a wonderful radiance.

Liz Taylor's Happiest Night

The most star-glittery night of the Hollywood holiday season was the turn-out of big names for the 'dressy' showing of *Suddenly, Last Summer* at the Screen Directors Guild, followed by supper at Chasen's.

Although she had been a very sick girl in New York with pneumonia, **Elizabeth Taylor** was able to fly out for her picture, with **Eddie Fisher**, of course.

And what a radiance Liz gave off, arrayed in a cloth-of-gold gown sprinkled with rhinestones and with real diamonds around her neck and wrists.

At Chasen's, we sat with Elizabeth's mother and father and later Liz and Eddie joined Jimmy McHugh, Joseph Levine, myself and her parents.

On closer look, Liz was still very pale from her serious illness and it was hardly a sur-

prise that she also had her doctor, Dr. Rex Kennamer, with her. But she was very gracious and pleased at the compliments she received on her really wonderful performance. (Right here I'd like to say the Tennessee Williams' story, *Suddenly, Last Summer*, which Sam Spiegel produced, is one of the best-acted films I've ever seen, a triumph for Liz, **Katharine Hepburn** and **Monty Clift**—but oh, oh, oh—the subject matter! It's a shocker!)

Elizabeth said to me, "I can hardly wait to get to Palm Springs and sit in the sun and rest. I feel quite weak. But as soon as I get my strength back, Eddie and I will return to New York for *Butterfield 8*." This is the movie in which Eddie has a big role with his wife.

At both the showing and the supper I saw **Rosalind Russell**, that always effervescent stunner—wearing the latest fashion, a real dog-collar choker of pearls and diamonds—and having a ball greeting old friends after several months in New York.

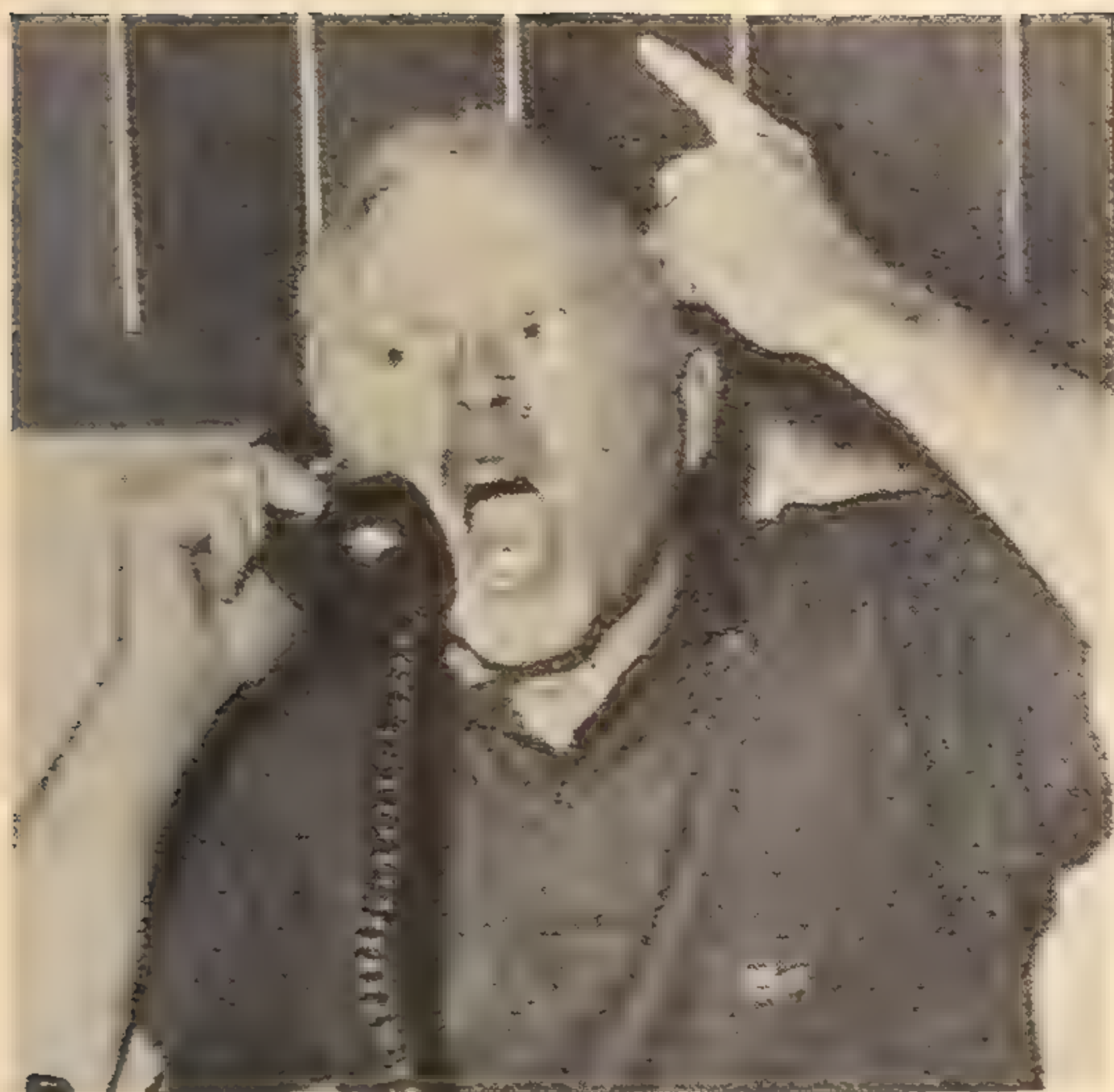
Two other 'returnees,' Kay and **Clark Gable**, just back from Rome, were very much

present—although The King and his Queen seldom show up for social affairs.

Had quite a chat with **Rock Hudson** (he was with Doris Vidor, widow of the late director Charles Vidor) and Rock told me he was a very disappointed boy that his studio, Universal-International, wouldn't let him co-star with **Marilyn Monroe** in *Let's Fall in Love*. He said, "Of course I wanted to do this picture with Marilyn—and I am so sorry I can't get permission."

Mary Benny looked like a fashion plate in a stunning red dress, and she was with Sylvia and **Danny Kaye**. **Gary Cooper** and Rocky, with their daughter Maria, dropped by Chasen's just long enough to congratulate Elizabeth, as they were planing out at the crack of dawn the following morning for the debut of the Henry Fords' daughter at Grosse Pointe.

The **Milton Berles**, the Mervyn Le Roys—oh, just everybody was there for what must have been Elizabeth Taylor's happiest night in Hollywood in a long time.



Why was Mickey Rooney ever permitted to go on if he was 'loaded?'

The TV Mess of Mickey Rooney

And, I'm on sort of a sub-Soap Box about the **Mickey Rooney-Jack Paar** TV show debacle. Don't think I'm taking Mickey's part. He had no business showing up when he'd been 'celebrating' a marriage anniversary—or anything else—to make a public appearance.

But if he was as 'loaded' as Paar insists—for heavens sake, why was Mickey ever permitted to step in front of a camera? It was certainly 'careless' on someone's part to let Mickey go on.

My final thought is that the whole thing was a mess—which might have been avoided with just an iota of common sense on somebody's part. And if that shoe fits, Mr. Paar, you can wear it.



Debbie's a dear where Glenn Ford is concerned—but he feels more like patting her head than holding her hand. To him, she's the 'little girl next door.'

Hard-to-Kill Rumor

Don't get excited because **Debbie Reynolds** and **Glenn Ford** walked into a Thalian club meeting at the Beverly Hills Hotel arm in arm. They met accidentally in the lobby, Debbie having driven herself from her home alone—and ditto Glenn.

He has steadfastly refused to discuss either his divorce from **Eleanor Powell** (for which I admire him) or all the rumors which have linked his name with Debbie's.

But not long ago, Glenn, feeling that he was speaking off the record said, "Debbie

seems like a little girl to me. There's never been even the slightest romantic flare between us. I would feel foolish. Like getting romantic ideas about the little girl next door whom you've watched grow up from grade school to high school."

In other words, Debbie's a dear where Glenn is concerned—but he feels more like patting her head than holding her hand.

Debbie, as well, has persistently denied any flame between herself and her co-star of several gay comedies.

But it's really one of the hardest-to-kill rumors that ever cropped up in our town.



to Tony Franciosa

Take it easy. Slow down—Stop—Look—and Listen:

You are at a stage in your screen career, with two hits in release, *Career* and *Story on Page One*—which could see you as the new big movie rage of 1960. After a slow start, you are now breathing the rarefied air.

It is also a very dangerous and unsettling spot to be in. Important things in your life—for instance your marriage to Shelley Winters—are sure to be affected. In fact, I have heard disturbing rumors about you and Shelley which I hope are not true. Or, if true, that you will evaluate what may seem today like big problems.

Frankly, Tony, you have always been a bit of a problem boy since your advent into Hollywood from a successful stage career. You have had several headlined fights (literally) with the press—one that had serious consequences. You are not given to easy friendships or to understanding the other fellow's point of view.

But, believe me, you are a fine actor. From here on in you are sure to reap all the good things that come with success. It's just important to not reap too many of the bad ones.

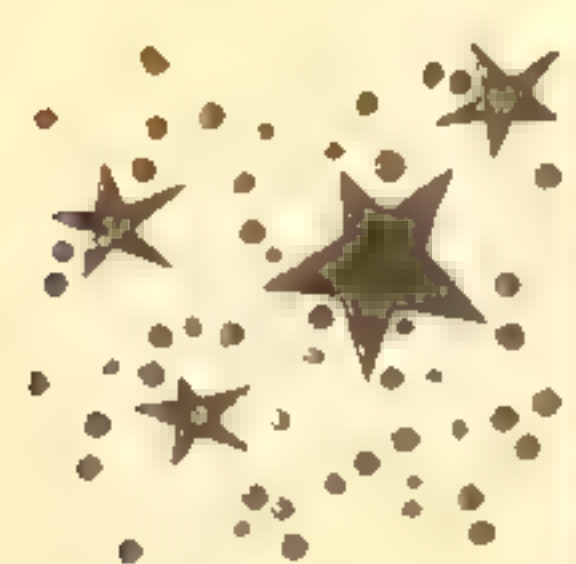
People who know you well are a bit afraid you may be becoming a little off balance in your perspective. Taking it big, in other words.

But please forget that chip on your shoulder and make sure your hat band still fits that handsome head of yours. You have so very much to give in the line of talent—don't give yourself a personal clip on the chin.

In the most friendly feeling may I repeat—take it easy—stop—look—and listen.



That chip on Tony's shoulder may affect his marriage to Shelley Winters.



I nominate for
STARDOM

James Shigeta

... which may come as a bit of a surprise. But not since the days when the young Sessue Hayakawa completely charmed American movie fans has a Japanese actor registered as compellingly as this tall, dark and handsome Japanese.

I caught Jimmy first when he was appearing in Las Vegas in the revue **Shirley MacLaine's** husband, Steve Parker, imported from Honolulu to the New Frontier. I was amazed at the way Shigeta scored as a singer and dancer but I was even more amazed when I saw his Columbia picture *The Crimson Kimono* to see what a fine dramatic actor he is. His second Hollywood picture will be *Walk Like a Dragon* for Paramount and he will be starred.

Personally, he is a most gracious and polite young man with excellent manners. After I had written a glowing tribute to him in my newspaper column, he called to ask if he might drop by to thank me.

Even more handsome off-stage than on, Jimmy arrived bearing a beautiful bouquet of gardenias and violets from his native Hawaii. "These are inadequate to express my appreciation," he said, "but I am deeply grateful for the interest you have shown in my career—and in me."

Oh, what a charmer this boy is!

As we talked, I discovered he has a wonderful sense of humor in addition to his other assets. He also loves music, American variety, and plays the piano as though he had been born in a band.

"I want to make my home in Hollywood," he told me before he left, "everyone here is so kind and helpful." He'll have to go traveling, however, after he finishes at Paramount, for he has a big role with **Marlon Brando** coming up in *The Ugly American* to be shot in the Near East. Look out, Brando, you'll have your work cut out for you.



A Name for Audrey and Mel's Baby

If you can think of a name for a baby that goes well with Ferrer, **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** will be glad to listen! I was very amused when the Ferrers came calling on me so happy and excited about that long-desired baby that they're having one of the few disagreements of their married life over a name.

These two who are known as a couple of love birds who never argue (as a matter of fact, Mel treats Audrey like a treasured child or a delicate piece of Dresden China) are pretty definite about this name business—and pretty far apart.

If 'it' is a girl, Audrey is holding out for Kathleen (her middle name). Mel's solid for Maria. If 'it' is a boy—Audrey wants Ian—for her brother.

"I don't like Kathleen—and I don't like Ian," laughed Mel. "This is getting serious."

"Well, I don't like Maria," kidded Audrey, so slender she looked like anything but an expectant mother in a bright red suit from Paris.

But one point the Ferrers meet on is they want this baby more than anything else in the world, Audrey particularly, as Mel has four children by two previous marriages.

Audrey was brokenhearted last year when she lost an expected baby. She and Mel were in Switzerland at the time and when **Deborah Kerr** returned to Hollywood she told me, "I've never seen anyone cry as Audrey did when she lost that baby. My home in Switzerland is near hers and I went to be with her during this difficult time. She tried so hard to be brave, but unexpectedly, she would just burst into tears. And this went on for days until the doctor told her that there was no physical reason that she might not again expect a baby."

The Ferrer baby will be born in the USA although Mel and Audrey will go to Europe first where Mel will direct *Blood and the Rose* in Italy.



PARTY of the month

There's one department in which the former glamour queens of the screen have it all over the present day crop—and that is in giving parties. Proof of this was brought vividly to mind when **Sonja Henie** returned to Hollywood after a year in Europe and gave one of those all-out parties for which she, and other movie queens of several years past, used to be famous.

We don't hardly 'git them kind' no more, no more.

For the cocktail party (from six to nine

Sonja opened her beautiful Beverly Hills home and gardens.

The home is so luxurious and the landscaping so beautiful, it's more of a minor palace than a residence.

And what a day and evening Sonja had for her fete. Although it was mid-winter, the weather was so warm that roses were blooming everywhere, mingling with the December poinsettias. As late as 8:30, the beautifully gowned feminine guests were sitting around the swimming pool without wraps.

Sonja's jewels, of course, are famous and fabulous—but on this occasion she was much more proud of the new paintings she has acquired. On exhibition were a Rouault, several by Picasso, and others of the modern school, which she and her handsome husband Niels Omstad just recently purchased.

Against the musical background of a strumming Hawaiian orchestra, I chatted with **Ronald Reagan** and his wife, **Nancy Davis**, who confided the music made them homesick for Honolulu where they had recently vacationed. **Norma Shearer** looked as beautiful as when she herself was a top screen star, in a bright red dress. Mildred and **Harold Lloyd** were there from their neighboring show place.

Virginia Mayo, whom I've not seen in ages, looked lovely in a green cocktail dress. **Jeanne Crain** (Mrs. Paul Brinkman), who is again expecting, wore a blue maternity suit.

Although there were about 150 guests present, Sonja wailed, "Everybody changes his telephone number all the time. I didn't get half the people I wanted."



Norma Shearer (left) wore a glamorous satin dress and hostess Sonja Henie displayed her famous jewels.



Reginald Gardiner's 'deadpan' story-telling found a really receptive audience in Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reagan.



Jeanne Crain and her husband Paul Brinkman are happily expecting their sixth child!

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Russ Tamblyn was thrilled at being able to play a role in *Cimarron*, even though it means serving three extra weeks of his Army duty.



I'm on my
SOAP BOX

I'm really burning over these criticisms of some people who haven't bothered to get the facts straight—or to get facts at all—over **Russ Tamblyn's** 'getting out of the Army' to play a role in *Cimarron*.

One woman, who states she is speaking for six mothers, writes that their indignation knows no bounds that a movie star can get out of the service for a mere motion picture, when their sons can't. And some TV commentators who should know better have popped off along the same lines.

Now here are the facts: Russ is not out of the Army. Nor has he received preferential treatment. The three weeks he was given off to make the MGM picture with **Glenn Ford** and

Maria Schell will be added to his discharge date—meaning Russ will serve three weeks at the end of his term of Army duty.

Secondly, if any young boy deserves a hand for the way he has overcome initial difficulties in the service, it is Russ. When he was first inducted, it is no secret that the discipline and hard training was rough on him. He became ill on several occasions. It was feared for a time that he might have a nervous breakdown.

But Russ, himself, insisted on remaining in the service and doing his stint of duty just as other young men in his age bracket were doing.

As time went along, he was no longer troubled with nervousness or bad health. His commanding officers expressed themselves as very pleased with his conduct and his effort to serve.

If anything—Russ deserves commendation and praise for the extra effort he made—not snide criticism from those who do not know the truth.

Love in Capital Letters

How quickly these youngsters grow up to marriageable age! But it still comes as a shock to me when one of these 'little girls' calls to tell me she's getting married.

Pretty **Luana Patten**, cavorting in pig-tails such a short time ago, sounded so grown up and happy when she telephoned that she and young actor **John Smith** were tying the knot within a few weeks.

John Smith's real name is Robert Van Orden and I've never been able to riddle why he changed such a high-sounding name (and a very good one for an actor) to plain John Smith. When I commented on this in my newspaper column, John called to say, "I did it because 'John Smith' is so plain it's almost startling for an actor."

So I kidded Luana when I asked her, "Will you call yourself Mrs. Van Orden or Mrs. Smith?"

"Oh, Mrs. Smith," she laughed. "John has changed his name legally."

Both these young people are doing very well in their careers, John on the *Laramie* TV show and Luana working with Harriet and Ozzie Nelson.

"I'll remember this as one of the most wonderful years of my life," Luana enthused. "Everything good has happened in my work—and then along came love," and believe me she put that word "love" in capital letters in her happy voice.



It was not long ago that pretty Luana Patten was cavorting around in pig-tails. Now she's engaged to John Smith.



Even though Katharine Hepburn didn't like the script, she may get an Award.

Sandra, Tony, and the Diet

No high school freshman co-ed was ever as thrilled as **Sandra Dee** over her 'blind date' with **Tony Perkins**. "We've never met," the pretty blonde Sandra confided, "and, well, what girl wouldn't be excited about going out with Tony?" In Sandra's set, I guess Mr. Perkins rates as an 'older man.'

I didn't happen to catch them out on this date, but Tony must have liked Sandra. I saw them on a 'repeat' at **Kathryn Grayson's** opening at the Moulin Rouge and Tony looked quite smitten.

P.S.—Sandra told me that never, never again would she over-dose herself with Epsom Salts to keep her figure. I scolded her about that—and she agreed with me that she was wrong.



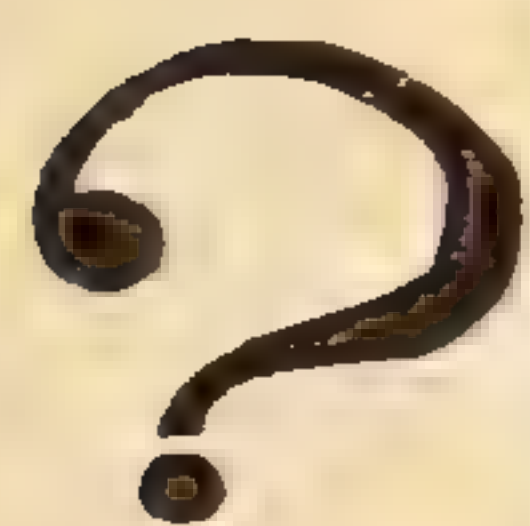
Sandra Dee was thrilled when Tony Perkins phoned her for a 'blind date.'



Superstitious Kim Novak may not be sure of it herself, but the odds are that she'll marry Dick Quine in 1960.



Sid Luft says that his wife Judy Garland is going to come out of her current illness a 'very slender girl again.'



PERSONAL OPINIONS

Don't get the idea that it was **Rock Hudson** who turned down *Let's Fall in Love* with **Marilyn Monroe**. Rock was very upset—he told me so—when his U-I bosses nixed the picture at 20th even though Marilyn had promised to make a movie for Rock's company if she could get him. . . .

What a bit of irony it will be if **Katharine Hepburn** is up for an Oscar for her outstanding performance in *Suddenly, Last Sum-*

mer. Katharine didn't like Tennessee Williams' story, didn't like working with the other actors (**Elizabeth Taylor** and **Montgomery Clift**), nor being directed by Joe Mankiewicz. Wonder why she ever accepted the part—which jolly well may win her the Academy Award. . . .

Shelley Winters is an unhappy girl. Not only is she having her problems with **Tony Franciosa**, but she deeply misses her little girl who remained in school in the East while Shelley was making *Reach for Tomorrow* (formerly *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*) in Hollywood. On top of everything she fell very ill with a near attack of pneumonia. . . .

What a lot of illnesses! **Elizabeth Taylor's** personal physician, Dr. Rex Kennamer,

who flew East when Liz was hospitalized with pneumonia, told me that this was one of the most critical illnesses of her life. . . .

Judy Garland is another victim of sickness. She and Sid Luft planed East to see some shows and have a good time when Judy was unexpectedly stricken with a bad case of hepatitis and was in a hospital for two months. One favorable thing about it—Sid says Judy is going to come out of this illness a "very slender girl again. . . ."

Kim Novak, a very, very superstitious girl, lost two 'prop' wedding rings making *Strangers When We Meet* and worried that this might be a "subconscious resistance to marriage"! Even so, I bet she marries Dick Quine in 1960. . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Even when Mickey Rooney asks, Zsa Zsa isn't telling her age.



Millie Perkins doesn't like publicity, especially concerning her Dean Stockwell.



The Fabian-Elvis controversy rages. Who's cutest?



A thirty-nine-year-old fan from Switzerland believes she speaks for people in her age bracket when she makes a request to hear about (left to right) Karl Malden, Alec Guinness, Henry Fonda, Fred Astaire.



LETTER BOX

How can Hollywood be so careless of real talent? asks ROY HERBERGER, WILLIAMSVILLE, NEW YORK. What has happened to **George Nader**? Is he on a 'black list'? Where ever did you get that idea? George is busy on TV these days having gone into a new series *Man and the Challenge* following Ellery Queen. But where movies are concerned, George is holding out for an important picture. No more pot-boilers. . . .

Your glasses must have been smudged with smog when you said that Fabian is more handsome than **Elvis Presley**, snaps VIRGINIA MINGER, POTTSTOWN, PA., (and at least ten other fans made a similar complaint!) Mrs. ROY PINE, CHESAPEAKE, OHIO, is even more indignant: Presley is Prince, the others just Phonies—including Phabian! All right, I agree that Elvis looks great with his new army hair cut in his photos from Germany. . . .

From ZURICH, SWITZERLAND, comes a most intelligent letter in excellent English (and typewritten) from LENI EGLI: Both you, Miss Parsons, and MODERN SCREEN make a big mis-

take in catering so much to the preferences of teenagers. I am 39 years old and there are many fans in the world in my age bracket. We want so much to read about **Fred Astaire, Eli Wallach, Karl Malden, Alec Guinness, Henry Fonda**. But all we get are **Debbie** and **Liz** and **Eddie** and **Ricky Nelson** and some character named 'Kookie.' Why not a department in the magazine devoted to actors—not rock n' rollers? How about it, David Myers. . . .

Never was I more ashamed and shocked than I was at ANATOMY OF A MURDER, writes MRS. J. J. BROWN, SAN DIEGO. Nothing but sex, sex, sex! I don't agree with you. While I grant there was some ultra frank dialogue, I do not think this picture catered to sensationalism. Its approach was almost clinical. Hollywood films cannot stay forever in swaddling clothes. . . .

I'm sick of the names **Liz** and **Debbie**, snaps THERESA TOWNES, CHICAGO, ILL. Let's hear about the talent. Don't be quite so snippy, Theresa. You may be sick of Elizabeth Taylor and Debbie Reynolds—but don't sell them short on talent. Liz was up for an Oscar in *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof* and *Giant* (and may be up for another in *Suddenly, Last Summer*). And Debbie is proving herself a deft light comedienne in all her films or haven't you read the critics. . . .

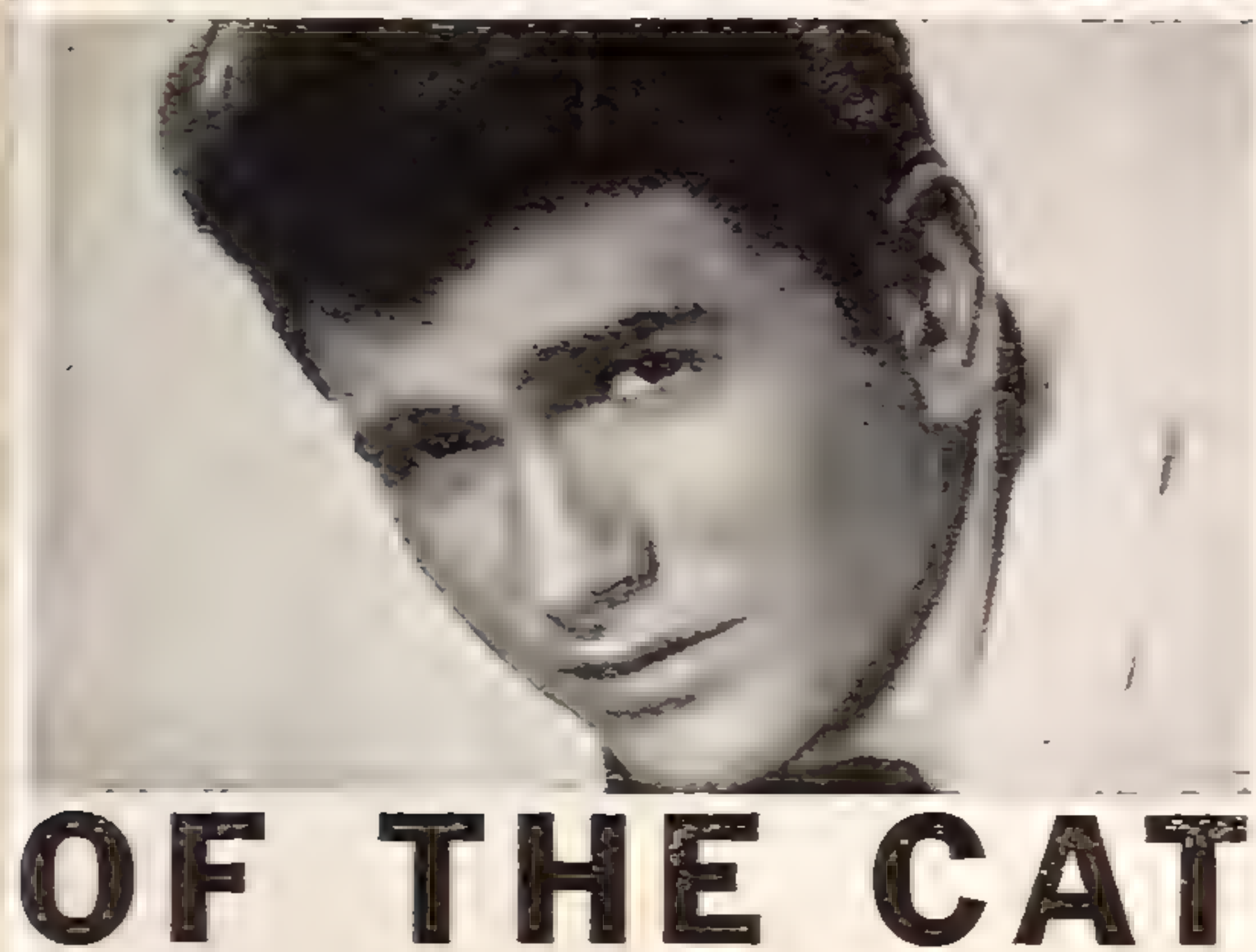
CONNIE VAN DER VOORS, DULUTH, asks: Last year **Millie Perkins** was receiving more publicity than any newcomer in Hollywood. In *DIARY OF ANNE FRANK* she proved she rated all the fuss. Now nothing about Millie? What's happened? Is she being temperamental? No. Millie is a shy girl and doesn't like the spotlight, particularly where her romance with **Dean Stockwell** is concerned. But 20th is biding its time about her next picture, feeling Millie is a future big star and must have just the right story. . . .

How old is **Zsa Zsa Gabor**? is MRS. VERA SESSION's loaded question from DALLAS. Even if I knew (which I don't) I wouldn't answer that one, Mrs. S. Zsa Zsa is really in the 'ageless' bracket. . . .

A cute letter from "MISSY" TANGIER, DETROIT, who wants to know if movie stars spank their children. (I gather from the printing that Missy is about seven to ten years of age). Well, Missy—all I can say is that some stars spank their children (but never too hard) and some don't. But on the whole, the stars insist on discipline and well-behaved youngsters around the house. . . .

That's all for this month.

Louella O. Parsons



OF THE CAT

Dodie and I met on a blind date. All I knew about her was that she was a widow with a young son, and that I wanted to see her again. When I arrived for the date, I got my first shock—Dodie likes cats.

At that moment she had six. They ranged from a large elderly Siamese named Pogo through various half-breeds to a stray named Dormouse. As cats go, they were nice: well-bred, friendly. But I detested cats.

I did like Dodie, though, so I kept my sentiments to myself at first. Later on it became a terrible problem—because I wanted to marry her. I never was able to get up the courage to tell her I didn't like cats, so we drifted along having dates and falling in love. Finally, we had a terrible argument over something (quite unconnected with cats), and we split up.

I was dreadfully unhappy, and as it turned out, so was Dodie. She stood it for a week. Then when it began to seem that I wasn't going to give in, she took action. I got a telegram saying POGO VERY ILL COME AT ONCE, signed *Dormouse*.

Of course, I thought it was only a gag, but my pride had been saved by her making the first move, so I hustled over at once—and you know what? Pogo really was ill! He was in the Small Animal Hospital and not allowed any visitors!

Once Dodie got me back by a clever excuse, she never let me go again. Pogo was pronounced 'convalescent'—so we piled the rest of the cats into the car and took them to the kennels, sent Dodie's son to stay with friends, and we took off for Mexico where we were married.

We got back, Pogo was well. What miracles love can work: and I was glad to have him. I complicated things more, gave Dodie a new Siamese for a wedding gift, and bought a puppy for my new son.

Today we have eleven cats, plus the puppy, and a look in Dodie's eye that says no end is in sight!

Woman's 'Difficult Days' and Her Perspiration Problems

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle.

What can be done about it?

Science has now discovered that a thing called "emotional perspiration" is closely linked to a woman's "difficult days." So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

You see, "emotional perspiration" is caused by special glands. They're bigger and more powerful. And when they're stimulated they literally pour out perspiration. It is *this* kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

New Scientific Discovery

Science has found that a woman needs a special deodorant to counteract this "emotional perspiration" and stop offensive stains and odor. And now it's here . . . a deodorant with an exclusive ingredient specifically formulated to maintain effectiveness even at those times of tense emotion . . . during "difficult days" when she is more likely to offend.

It's wonderful new ARRID CREAM Deodorant, now fortified with amazing Perstop,* the most remarkable antiperspirant ever developed! So effective, yet so gentle.



Valda Sherman

Used daily, ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops "emotional perspiration" stains and odor . . . stops it as no roll-on, spray or stick could ever do!

You rub ARRID CREAM in . . . you rub perspiration out. Rub ARRID CREAM in . . . rub odor out.

Twice as effective as roll-ons

Doctors have proved ARRID is more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested. And yet ARRID CREAM Deodorant is so gentle, antiseptic, non-irritating . . . completely safe for normal underarm skin.

So . . . to be sure you are free of the embarrassment of "emotional perspiration," use this special kind of cream deodorant. ARRID with Perstop* stops perspiration stains . . . stops odor too, not only during the "difficult days" but every day.

Remember, nothing protects you like a cream, and no cream protects you like ARRID. So don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID CREAM Deodorant with Perstop* to be sure. Try it today. Buy a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter.

hard-
worked
hands



BEFORE TRUSHAY—
Photograph, skin
unretouched,
October 26, 1959

heal twice as fast

with new
heavy-duty
TRUSHAY
with silicones



AFTER TRUSHAY—
Same hands,
skin unretouched,
October 30, 1959



Kitchen tests prove it...with women just like you! Hard-worked hands heal twice as fast with new heavy-duty Trushay with silicones. Try new Trushay. What happened to these hands can happen to you. And new Trushay helps protect your hands against detergents and through every single chore you do.

TRUSHAY...the heavy-duty lotion for hard-worked hands

■ Glamorous Joan Crawford often likes to do her own housework, and when she does, she dispenses with make-up and puts on an inexpensive house dress.

One day when she was cleaning the sink in her palatial Hollywood home, the doorbell rang. She was alone so she answered it herself. A neatly dressed young man stood there, smiled timidly at the besmudged woman before him and said, "I know it's presumptuous of me, but for ten years I've had just one ambition: to meet Miss Crawford." He hesitated, "Uh, do you think she would just say hello to me . . . ?"

"I'm sorry, but she's in New York on business," said the lady in the house dress.

The visitor's face fell. "Darn it, just my luck," he said. "Probably the only time in my life I'll ever be in Los Angeles and she's away."

Joan Crawford:



The Visitor

"I'm so sorry," she said sympathetically and started to close the door.

He smiled again. "Sorry enough to do me a favor? If she's not around—do you think I could possibly just look around her house? Just see how she lives . . . I mean, if it wouldn't get you in any trouble. . . ."

Joan Crawford hesitated. Then, smiling. "I've been her housekeeper for many years. She won't mind whatever I do. Come in."

For an hour, they explored the house. In the kitchen they had a companionable cup of coffee. The young man sighed happily. "This has been the greatest day of my life. I hope one day I'll meet Miss Crawford in person, but you've been the most wonderful hostess. I can't thank you enough."

"That's perfectly all right," she told him. "I—I'm glad you like Miss Crawford so much. She'll be happy to hear it."

The caller got up and said, "I must go now." She accompanied him to the front door. Suddenly he grinned and said. "Thanks for everything—Miss Crawford."

FRUSTRATION

*it can be a
young divorcee's
most perplexing
problem...*



Turn the page for Debbie Reynolds' explanation of how and why she is able to live a life without frustration - - - without the need for romance



..... Can a woman live without love — the love of a man? Debbie Reynolds thinks so, and that is what she admitted to me in a private heart-to-heart we had recently in her dressing room. She and I* have been having heart-to-hearts for several years. We can speak directly and honestly with each other---so, I started off right at the heart of the problem: "Is the breakneck schedule you've been leading a substitute for love?" "Perhaps so," she admitted, "if you mean romantic love. I don't think I'm ready for that. I'm not interested in romantic love right now. I don't have time for it, and I don't care about it. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't do any steady dating. I leave the house at six in the morning, work all day at the studio and return home at seven-thirty. By the time I get cleaned up, have dinner and play with the kids, it's nine o'clock and I have to go to bed. I'm an eight-hour sleep girl; and I can't

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY

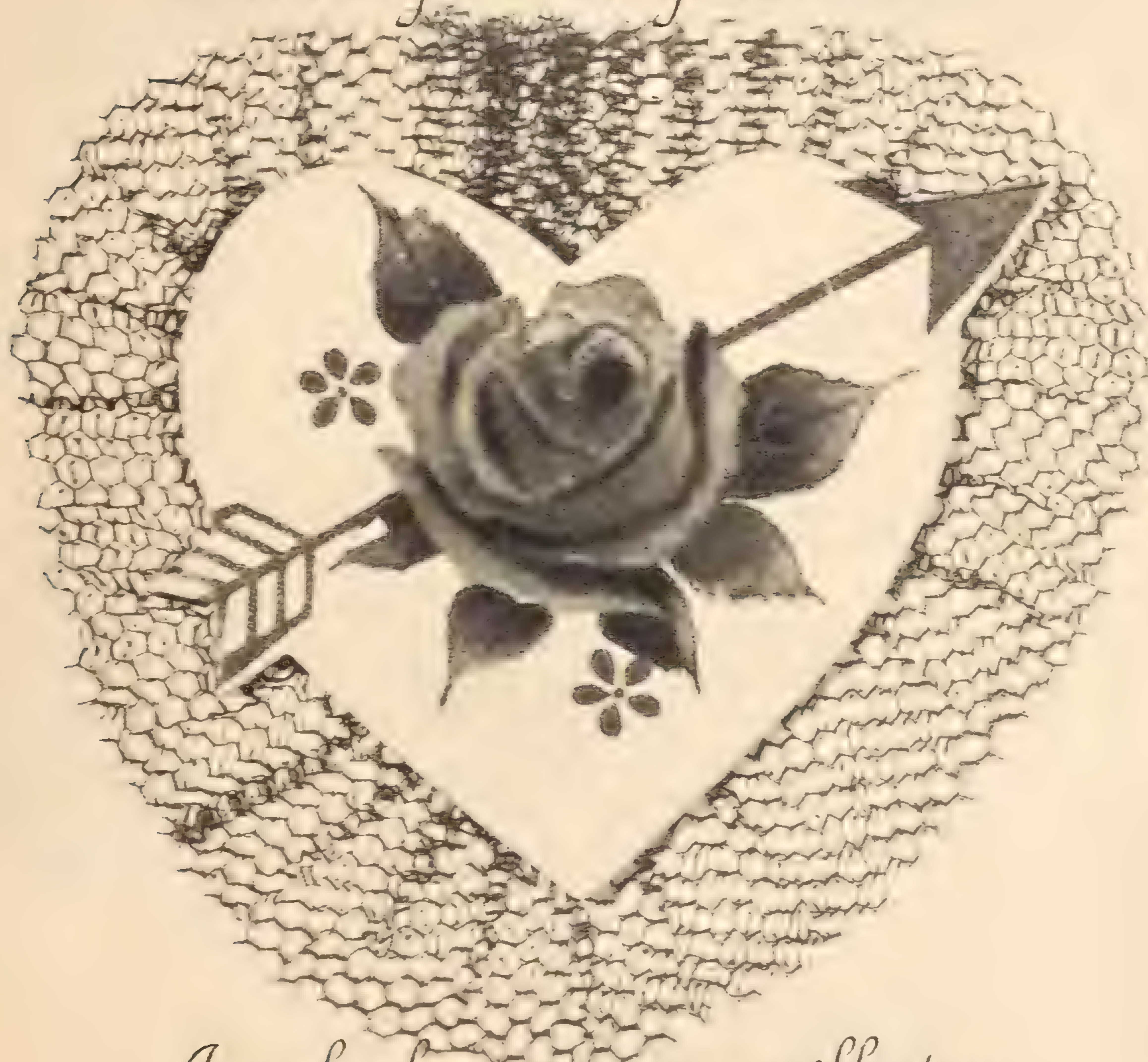
For You,



Love
Elvis

FROM ELVIS!

*I like the French girls very well
I think the German girls are swell
The girls throughout the world are fine
But only one's my valentine*



*A girl who evermore will stay
beside me in the U.S.A.
The girl to whom I will be true
I wish I knew if she were you.**

.....
*(P.S. Why not give Elvis a chance to find out?
Send him your own valentine picture % Modern Screen)

I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU, EDDIE

When Elizabeth Taylor resisted going to the hospital a few weeks ago, even though she got double pneumonia as the result of her delay, people psychiatrically inclined claimed this was more than just a beautiful wife being stubborn.

They maintained that Liz was determined not to leave Eddie Fisher alone while he was fighting his comeback battle; that he was now her man and that she wasn't going to leave him for love, money—or pneumonia.

Too vividly in her mind was engraved (the amateur psychologists and philosophers believed) the memory of the time she permitted Mike Todd to board an *(Continued on page 56)*

EARL WILSON'S
exclusive report of
LIZ TAYLOR'S
fight for
her life





Introducing
Diane
Baker

The Nice Girl

DIANE BAKER clutched the suitcase and looked over at the small house. Her plane had been delayed, it was late and she'd wondered till now if anyone would still be up. There was, she noticed, a light on downstairs, in the parlor. She didn't know whether to be glad or sad about this, whether it wouldn't have been better just to be able to sneak up to her room now and face the family in the morning—her mother, her dad, her sisters Cheryl and Patricia. She sighed. Well,

someone was still up, and there was nothing she could do about it. And, nervously, she began to walk towards the house.

Reaching the front door, she knocked, lightly.

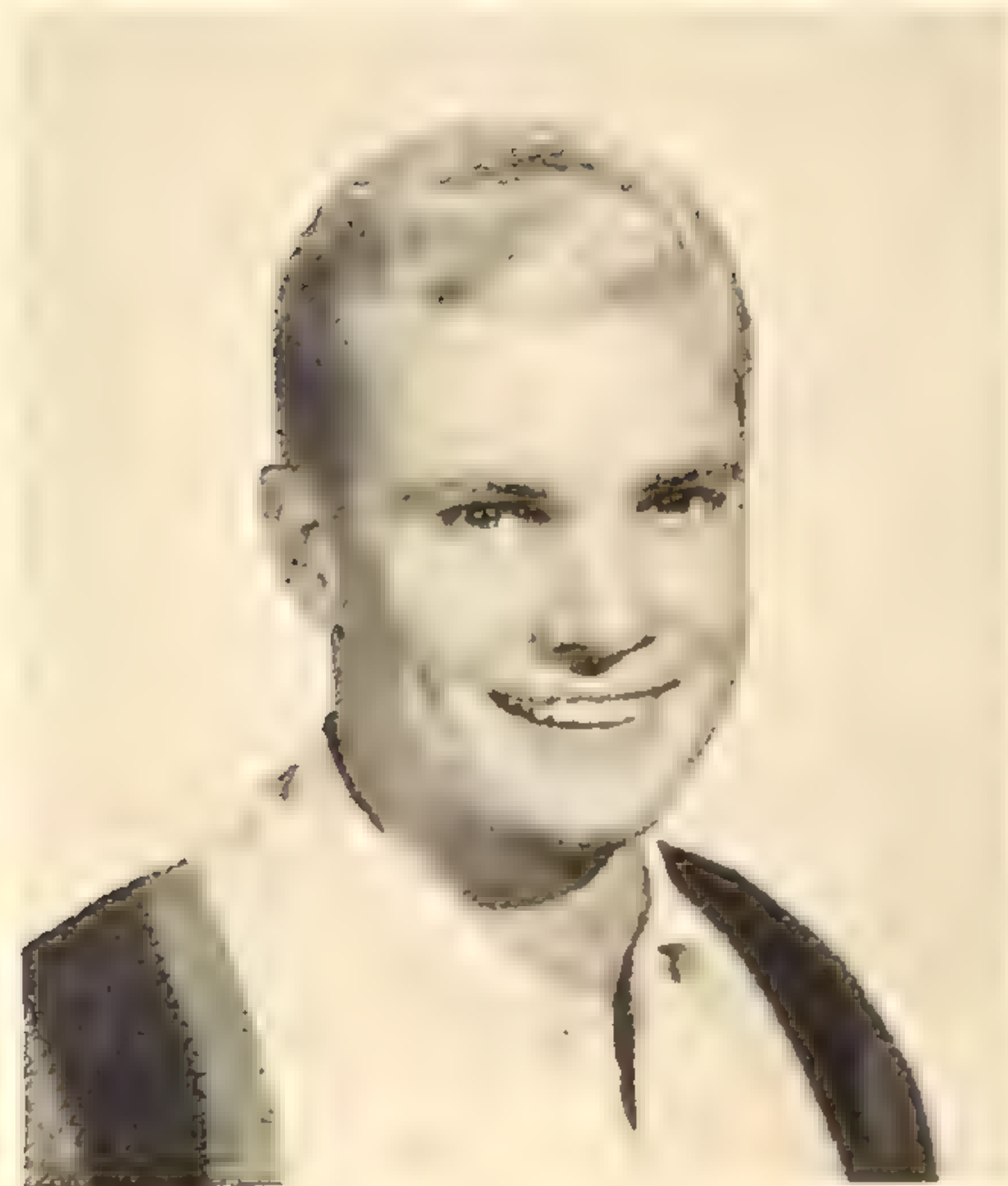
Her mother answered.

"Diane," Mrs. Baker called out, stunned. "Diane, what on earth—?"

She stared at her daughter for a moment, and then she began to laugh and she threw her arms around the girl.

"This is (Continued on page 64)





Maynard
(Daddy-O) *Krebs*

Dobie
(Girl-Crazy) *Gillis*

and Judi
(Best-Friend) *Meredith*

THROW A REAL

■ "It's so wonderful to be engaged," sighed Pamela dreamily. "And a long one—well, I guess I'm old-fashioned, but I wouldn't have given up those ten months Darryl and I were formally engaged for anything. We figured if marriage is for a lifetime, why not an engagement of at least a few months . . .? Why rush into marriage? It's something you do only once."

"And," Pamela added with a twinkle in her eye, "one of the nicest things about being engaged is that you give your friends (Continued on page 32)"



Silver—Young Love in Heirloom Sterling by Oneida; China—Kingsley by Lenox; Fry Pan—a Toastmaster Automatic; Luggage—a Silhouette Beauty Case by Samsonite; Clock Radio—from Westinghouse; Ekco Kitchen Appliances.



SWINGING SHOWER

*for Dobie's lovely new
sister-in-law
Pamela (I'm-Old-Fashioned) Lincoln*





*But on the big day, poor Maynard (I-forgot-to-wear-my-tie) Krebs couldn't
Anyhow, he was happy for he knew that a*

HAVE THE DREAMIEST



Above) Dwayne, his sister Dierdre, his mother, Darryl, Pamela, her parents. (Below) That's some kiss for a new brother-in-law!



(Continued from page 30) a chance to toss a shower for you, like Judi Meredith did for me . . .!"

Pamela Lincoln and Darryl Hickman's closest friends are Judi, and Darryl's brother Dwayne—he plays the girl-crazy Dobie in *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis* on CBS-TV, and Bob Denver, the boy who plays the beatnik, Maynard Krebs, in the same series. The three friends got together and decided to throw a real swinging shower for the bride-to-be—only Judi made the boys promise they wouldn't show up at the party, at least not until it was over.

The way it worked out, it really was an honest-to-goodness surprise for Pam. Judi phoned her one day and suggested they have lunch on Saturday at the Sheraton West Hotel and then go shopping together.

When Pamela got there *(Continued on page 53)*

get into the church or the reception afterwards.

real Daddy-O and Mommy-O wanted Pamela and Darryl to

OLD-FASHIONED WEDDING





"IF I HAD MET FRED MAY EARLIER, HOW DIFFERENT MY LIFE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

LANA TURNER SPEAKING AND SHE AND I HAD BEEN TALKING INTIMATELY FOR

"IS THIS MARRIAGE, LANA?" I ASKED HER. "I DON'T KNOW. I DO KNOW HE IS THE

A Louella Parsons' Scoop

LANA IN LOVE!

BUT WHO CAN PLAN FOR TOMORROW? LIFE IS TOO UNCERTAIN." IT WAS

SEVERAL HOURS ON THIS EARLY WINTER DAY WHEN SHE CAME TO MY HOME.

FINEST MAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN. HE IS SELF-MADE, (Continued on page 60)





■ This is a story about Pat and Shirley Boone. But it's more than just a story: it's a plea . . . a plea for understanding from Pat Boone to you. And it's a chance to tune in on the wave-lengths of Pat and Shirley's hearts, and to hear how they *really* feel about the stars who have not been as lucky as they have; the stars who have been overtaken by the tragedy of separation and divorce. . . .

It starts a little while ago when Pat and Shirley did something they rarely have a chance to do any more. They took a weekend trip, alone, like a couple of newlyweds without kids or any responsibilities at all.

Pat was to race in the annual Soap Box Derby at Akron, Ohio, in the special 'celebrity' part of the event. And so, their hearts

Pat Boone confides:

"I never feel
sure about
my marriage"

pounding with the fun and excitement of a weekend stolen from a busy life full of work and responsibilities, they ran off, as free and as gay as birds.

It was a golden weekend . . . at first. It started off with a glow. Pat won the Derby against a field of such stalwarts as Jimmy Stewart and Guy Madison. At the end of the race there was a ceremony before the seventy-five thousand people in the stands, who had come from fifteen countries to watch the ramshackle, careening soap-box cars.

As soon as the ceremony was over, Pat ran to Shirley and held up the trophy award: a big, chromium plated oil can. Shirley embraced him and said, laughingly but with pride: "I'll bet the kids will try to drink out of it."

"How about that?" Pat said, pleased in spite of himself, at (Continued on page 66)

*Strangers think she owns the big white house,
but Diane lives in the little annex on the right.*



LAST PHOTOS OF DIANE VARSI



*Diane showed us
the countryside
where she'd
found peace.*



*The living room
had little besides
a couch, a chair.*



■ The photos of Diane Varsi on these pages are the last that you may ever see in any publication. They were taken at her Bennington, Vermont, home one day last December when we visited the runaway actress. We had not been invited to visit Diane. We went on our own because, as old friends from her Hollywood days, we were worried about her and had a message for her. . . . We were worried because we *(Continued on next page)*

Though she is
poor and lonely
in Vermont,
Diane will probably
never go back
to Hollywood

Last Photos of Diane Varsi continued

felt, in our hearts, that Diane—one of the saddest and most confused girls in all movie history—was not happy in Vermont. The message we took with us was this: *If, Diane, it is true and you are not happy, don't be too proud to admit it. Come back to Hollywood, to work. There are producers who still want you, fans who still want you. You left our town a year ago. You said some pretty nasty things about our town in leaving. Well, all that is forgotten now. So forget your own pride, Diane—and come on home.*

Our fears for the girl. Our message.

With these two bits of baggage—and one light suitcase and a camera—we took off by plane one day for Bennington.

We arrived there late in the afternoon.

We had no idea about the kind of reception we would get.

In fact, the first indication we had that the reception might not be too pleasant came from a cabdriver, a small and old and bony Vermonter, whom we approached outside the airport. . . .

"Yup," he said, removing a toothpick from his mouth, looking us over, "sure I know where she lives. But before you get in that cab, maybe I can save you your fare . . . You happen to be from the newspapers or the magazines?"

We worked for a magazine, we told him.

"Well," he said. "I know for a fact that that actress don't talk to nobody from the press. Some big magazine came up here little while

ago. Offered her \$20,000, just to talk to them and pose for some pictures. But she said no and she said git-and-skedaddle to both of them, that's what she said."

We told the old man we were friends of Diane's, as well as being from the press.

"Well," he said, eyeing us suspiciously, "that's what some of the others said. But I seen what happened to them when they got to her door. It was git-and-skedaddle and—"

He interrupted himself, when he saw us begin to shiver from the unaccustomed cold.

"All right, all right," he said, "get in the cab 'fore you freeze to death. But just mark my words—"

He was silent throughout the rest of the trip, as he drove from the station through the town—a pretty town, larger than we'd thought it would be, and warm-looking, many of its store windows festooned with Christmas lights—and then as he drove out into the countryside, the countryside that must have been pretty in the summer, we knew, but that was cold now, gray, all frosted earth and chill-swept sky and sleeping trees and, here and there, silent houses.

And it was only when he pulled up a long roadway leading to one of the houses that the cabdriver spoke again.

"See that big place ahead?" he asked. "Well, that ain't her place—not *all* of it. Big house to the left belongs to a professor at our college here. And she, the actress, she lives (Continued on page 70)



SHOULD I GO STEADY?

If you're a teen-ager you've asked that question. In fact, you've probably been haunted by that question...possibly even worried sick by it. It's one of the hardest questions in the world to answer, and no one can answer it for you but yourself. Nevertheless, it has been answered...by other people...for themselves. We went to see 20 top male vocalists, all of whom are young, all of whom have wrestled with the problems of young love. We put the going steady question to them. We found their conclusions both surprising and important. If you think you can profit by someone else's experience and mistakes, turn the page.→



P.S. Next month 20 girls get their chance to answer back.

SHOULD I GO STEADY?



Jimmy Clanton



Dick Caruso



Neil Sedaka



Rod Lauren



Dion

YES

Jimmy Clanton: I went steady when I was seventeen with a home-town girl, and I wanted to marry her. In fact, we rented a two-room apartment for \$65 a month, furnished, and we had planned to elope because my parents did not like her and did not want me to marry.

We broke up when she objected to my pushing my career as a musician and singer. When I told my father about the bust-up of our year-long romance, he said he was glad and reminded me, "You've got a career in music at stake, and you've got plenty of time for marriage."

I'll be twenty next June 20th, and I'm glad I went steady, but I'm even more glad I didn't marry then. Now I'm dating a nineteen-year-old brunette who looks like Diana Dors. A great gal.

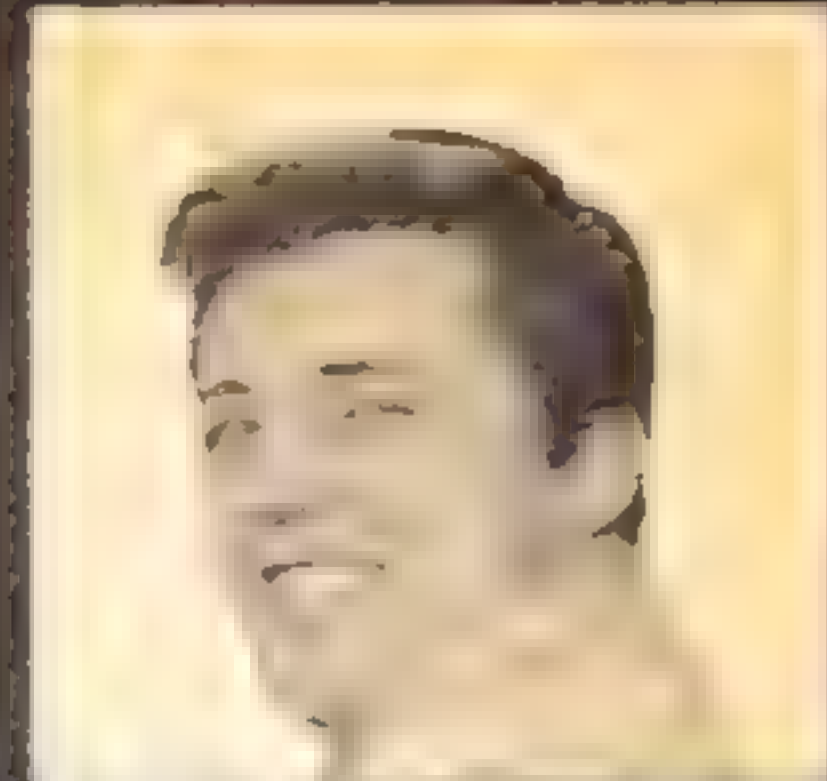
Dick Caruso: Yes, I've steady dated, but with poor results. When I was five, I was in love with Roberta, also five, who lived next door until we were nine. And then my family moved away. Then there was Barbara, my steady when I was fourteen. She left me for another guy, and I was so bitter I ate too much and got fat, and refused to talk to my friends. I sulked and practiced piano and wrote love songs, one of them being *I'll Tell You* (Continued on page 62)

NO!

Edd Byrnes: I steady-dated once for about a year, back in 1952, and she told me that she had fallen in love with another fellow. Well, it took me about half a year to get over it. I kept busy by working in a defense plant and driving an ambulance, while fiddling around, on the side, with acting.

When she called me again, hinting she'd like to resume with me, I had become interested in acting too deeply and didn't want to steady date any more. I'm glad I didn't marry when I was a teenager . . . and I'm glad I had a broken heart early in life.

For me, steady dating was unpleasant. *(Continued on page 62)*



Edd Byrnes



Paul Anka



Kimm Charney



Andy Williams



Johnny Restivo



Johnny Mathis



Dick Roman



Bobby Darin



Frankie Avalon



Bobby Rydell



Michael Callan



Johnny Nash



Danny Valentino



Elvis Presley

MAYBE

Fabian: Who am I to say that going steady is right or wrong? I don't think I have the right to make a statement either way.

Going steady has many advantages and disadvantages.

Advantages include: You are always going to be with the person you want to be with. You never have to worry about getting a date for this or for that. You're pretty sure of being remembered on your birthday or on *(Continued on page 62)*



Fabian

THE TRUTH ABOUT BRIGITTE BARDOT'S MARRIAGE

*on the following pages
modern screen presents
what is perhaps the most
unusual and bizarre
tale of real-life marriage
ever published in
an American magazine*



Story starts on next page →



To Brigitte, the newest mouth tasted sweetest.



So she moved Jacques Charrier into her villa.



Getting married was part of the game.



They ran away from people who didn't know their rules.

Two lawless children played a game of love...



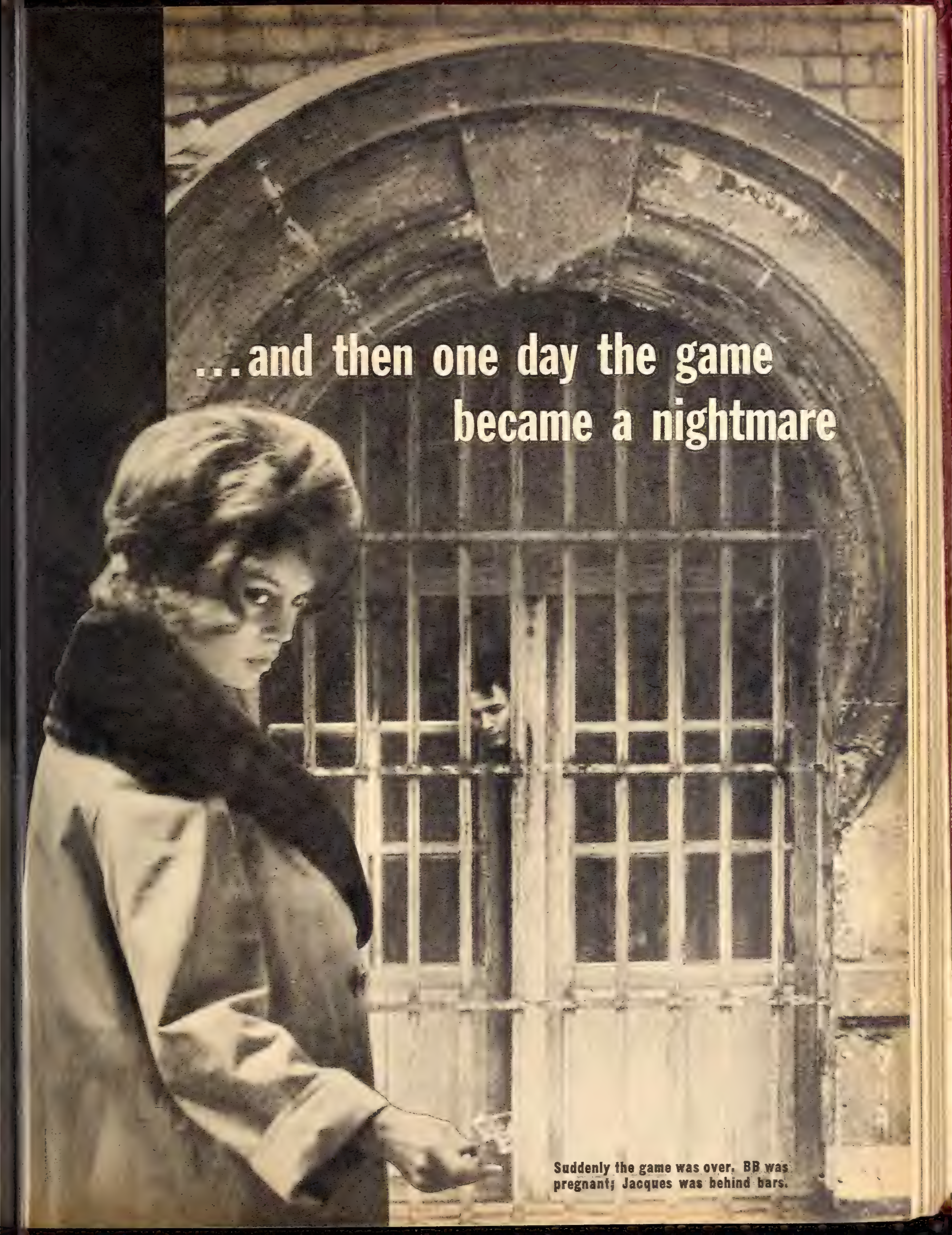
Life was a frolic; beautiful clothes and careless love.

Behind barred doors set in the great, keyhole-shaped stone wall of Val de Grace Hospital, Private Jacques Charrier paced like an animal, head down, shoulders hunched, thoughts pulling back, back, back . . .

Their affair had started like a game, played by two lawless children. Stung by his blue eyes, she kissed the lips of a gangly 22-year-old named Jacques Charrier, and Brigitte was off again. To her, the newest mouth tasted sweetest, and unknown eyes shined the best.

By the time she and Jacques had finished making *Babette Goes to War*, Brigitte had ditched her nominal fiance, Sacha Distel, and moved Jacques into her Saint Tropez villa.

They lay in the sun without too (Continued on page 58)

A black and white photograph with a grainy, high-contrast aesthetic. In the foreground, a woman with short, dark, wavy hair is shown in profile, looking out of a large, arched window. She is wearing a light-colored trench coat with a dark, thick fur collar. Her expression is somber. The window has a grid of vertical and horizontal bars. Through the bars, another person is visible, looking out from the other side. The background outside the window shows a stone building with an arched architectural feature. The overall mood is one of isolation and longing.

**...and then one day the game
became a nightmare**

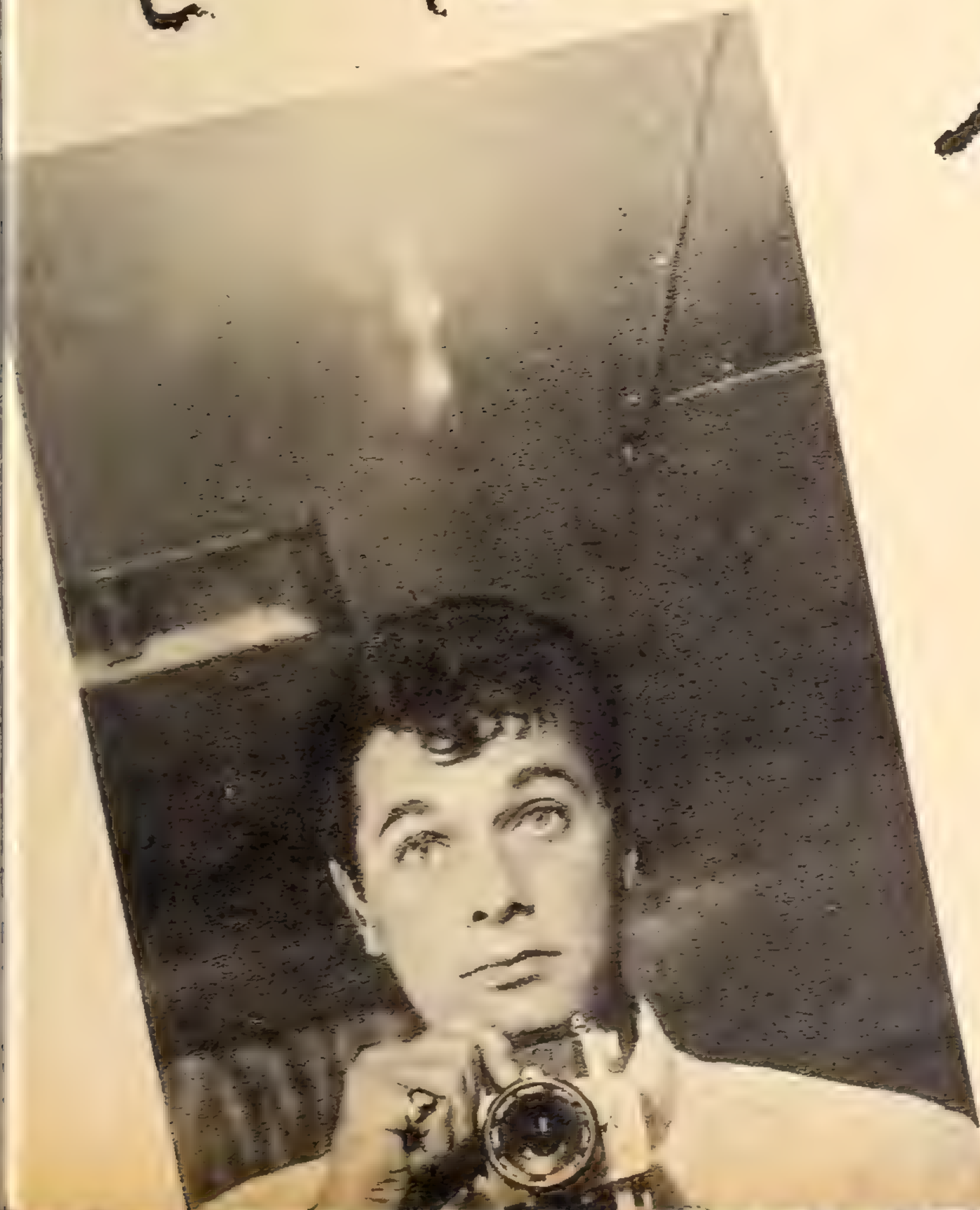
**Suddenly the game was over. BB was
pregnant; Jacques was behind bars.**

The story of the private Curtis' family album... by Janet Leigh





"I love you"



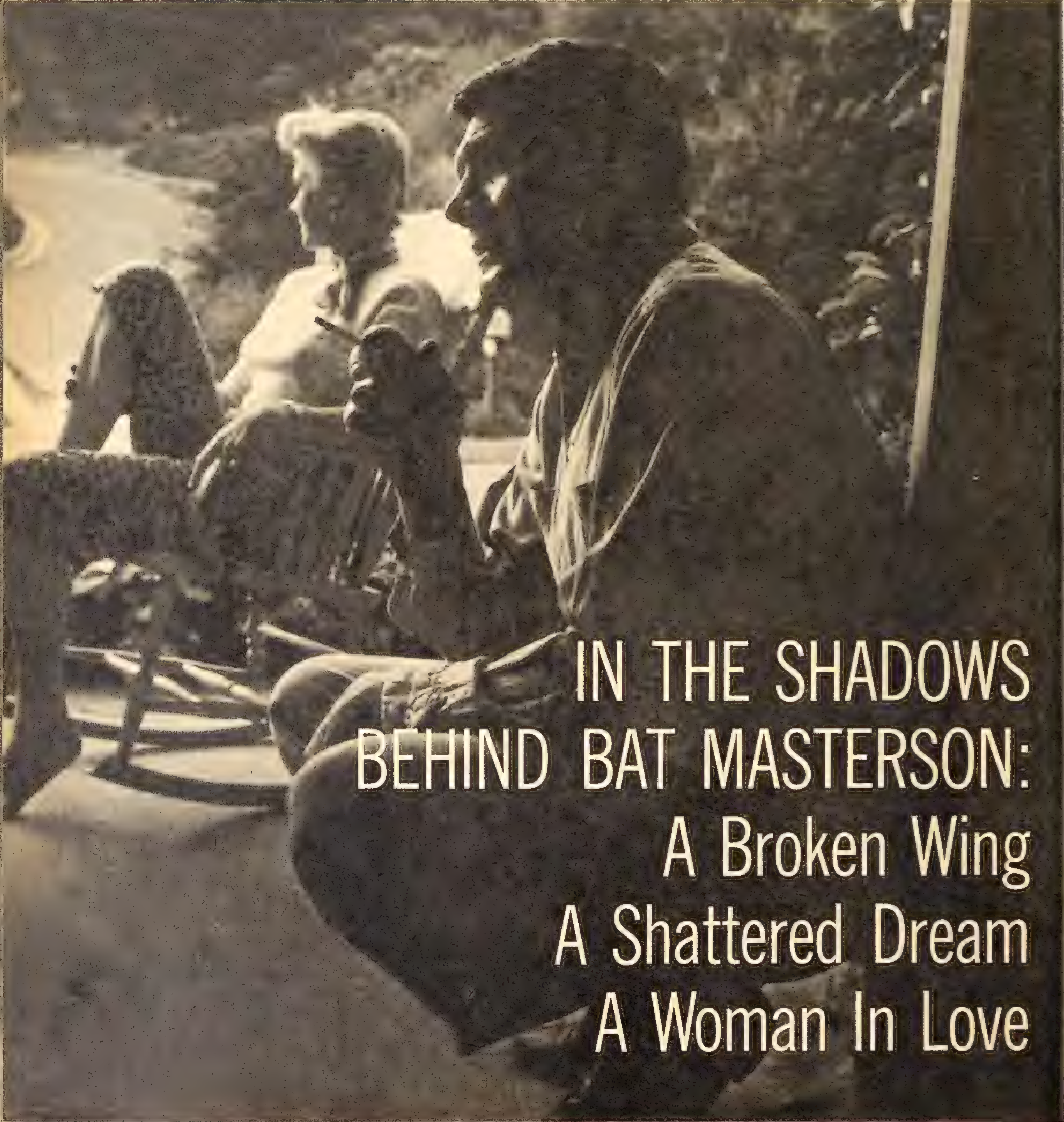
■ Quite a few people seem to be under the impression that we moved to a larger house because the family was expanding. That is not entirely true. The real reason is that my camera-happy husband refuses to stop taking pictures of the children, and we had to make room for the hundreds of photo albums that kept piling up.

I exaggerate not. We have without doubt one of the greatest—if not the greatest—collections of father-taken photographs in the world. If Tony doesn't have three or four cameras hanging from his neck, he feels positively naked. Around our house we call him Tony, the Picture Taker.

In most homes I know of when the husband arrives in the evening, the first thing he wants to know is what time dinner will be ready. Tony no sooner sets foot in the door than he casts hungry eyes around for something warm or unusual—(Continued on page 68)

GENE BARRY came to, lying on the field. The crowd was roaring his name, shrieking his praise, but all he noticed was that his right arm had another elbow.

He looked at the football there on the green grass of the field and wondered how it had happened. Seconds before, he had been carrying that ball. Then a ton of bodies fell on him and the lights went out. How long he had been unconscious he did not *(Continued on page 51)*



IN THE SHADOWS
BEHIND BAT MASTERSON:
A Broken Wing
A Shattered Dream
A Woman In Love

know. But it had been enough time for his teammates to circle around him and stare at him with grim faces as he lay sprawled on the ground.

Now a doctor pushed his way through the ring of players. He took one look at the youth's arm and, with a professional sight, said, "You are not only out of the game, lad, you are out of the season."

Suddenly a surge of vicious, excruciating pain shot up the boy's arm like a bolt of lightning. He gasped, groaned inaudibly and gritted his teeth.

A broken wing

"Go ahead and holler, son," the doctor said lifting the arm gently, "not even a man should keep your kind of agony inside."

The seventeen-year-old boy looked up at the faces of his team and knew it was the one thing he could not do, no matter how much he wanted to. So instead of screaming, he fainted.

Only vaguely did he hear the wild young voices from the bleachers shouting, in unison, "Yay! Barry! . . . Yay! Barry!"

When he came to he was in the locker room on a table. The doctor was in the midst of wrapping his throbbing arm in a splint.

"We're taking you to the hospital," the doctor said, "where we'll put on a cast." The physician looked at the boy, half in sympathy, half in admiration. "You're all right," he said, with a faint smile. "I've seen tougher men than you wail their heads off with broken arms like yours."

Gene closed his eyes. If only the pain would go away.

"By the way," continued the doctor, "as we carried you off the field you mumbled something about a violin. Isn't that strange talk for a young man just hurt in a football game?"

Oh, God, thought Gene, *the violin! My arm! What if—?* He swallowed hard and slowly turned his head.

"Doctor, I play the violin. Will I be able to after—?"

"Oh sure," the doctor replied lightly, "you'll play. Good hobby, too. Relaxing, music. 'Course if you'd been planning to be a concert violinist you'd never—" The doctor needed only to see the look on Barry's face to realize what he had said. "I'm sorry, Gene, I didn't know it was that serious with you. But you might as well know now. Your arm will heal, but it will never stand seven hours' practice every day. Believe me, Gene, don't hope."

Ten years of learning. The ragging he had taken from the kids, as only Brooklyn kids can rag! Gene thought bitterly of all the money his parents had hoarded for the lessons and the best violin they could buy for him. Their dreams and his, cracked into eternity by a hard-charging left tackle on a teen-age football team.

A shattered dream

"Don't hope," Gene repeated to himself bitterly. But what do you do instead?

Gene's depression over his broken arm and his lost dream of being a concert violinist, however, lasted only as long as it took for him to get well. His parents, familiar with the uncertainties of life, were disappointed, but the unfortunate incident was dismissed by Gene's dad with, "As long as young men play football, young men will break their arms."

Gene soon discovered that he had a hangover from his hard study of music. And:

"One morning while exhaling," says Gene, "my breath got caught in my larynx. The whole family looked at me in surprise. I was singing! I asked a teacher if she thought I had enough mellow vibrato

to think about a singing career. She thought I might make it with study. Well, I was off to out-Caruso Caruso."

By the end of his senior year Gene was good enough to win a scholarship at the Chatham Square School of Music in New York City.

But it was Gene himself who soon realized that although he was surprisingly good as a pop and operetta vocalist, he didn't want a career as a singer of serious music.

Still, his appealing voice got him a weekly radio show, followed by a short go as a band vocalist in nightclubs.

And then, prophetically perhaps, he auditioned and was chosen to play *The Bat* in a Broadway musical *Rosalinda*. The show ran two years. By then Gene knew he wanted to be an actor. But the best he could get was a character part in a White Way production of *The Merry Widow*.

"I was sittin' pretty," Gene remembers. "I wasn't shooting to stardom, but I was working and getting good pay, getting better parts. I played around a lot, dated the prettiest girls I could find, learned what made women happy and what made them angry."

"And then one night I went out with Mae West!

"Not a date exactly. I was in her show and the cast decided to have an evening at the Copacabana after the performance. Some of the guys brought dates. I didn't. Mae was the hostess, and I was her unofficial escort."

"It was pretty crowded at the Copa and we bunched up around two tables. Suddenly I found myself squeezed in between Mae and a girl I'd never seen before. I learned later she was another guy's date. But after what you'd call a very unexpected, but intimate association, I

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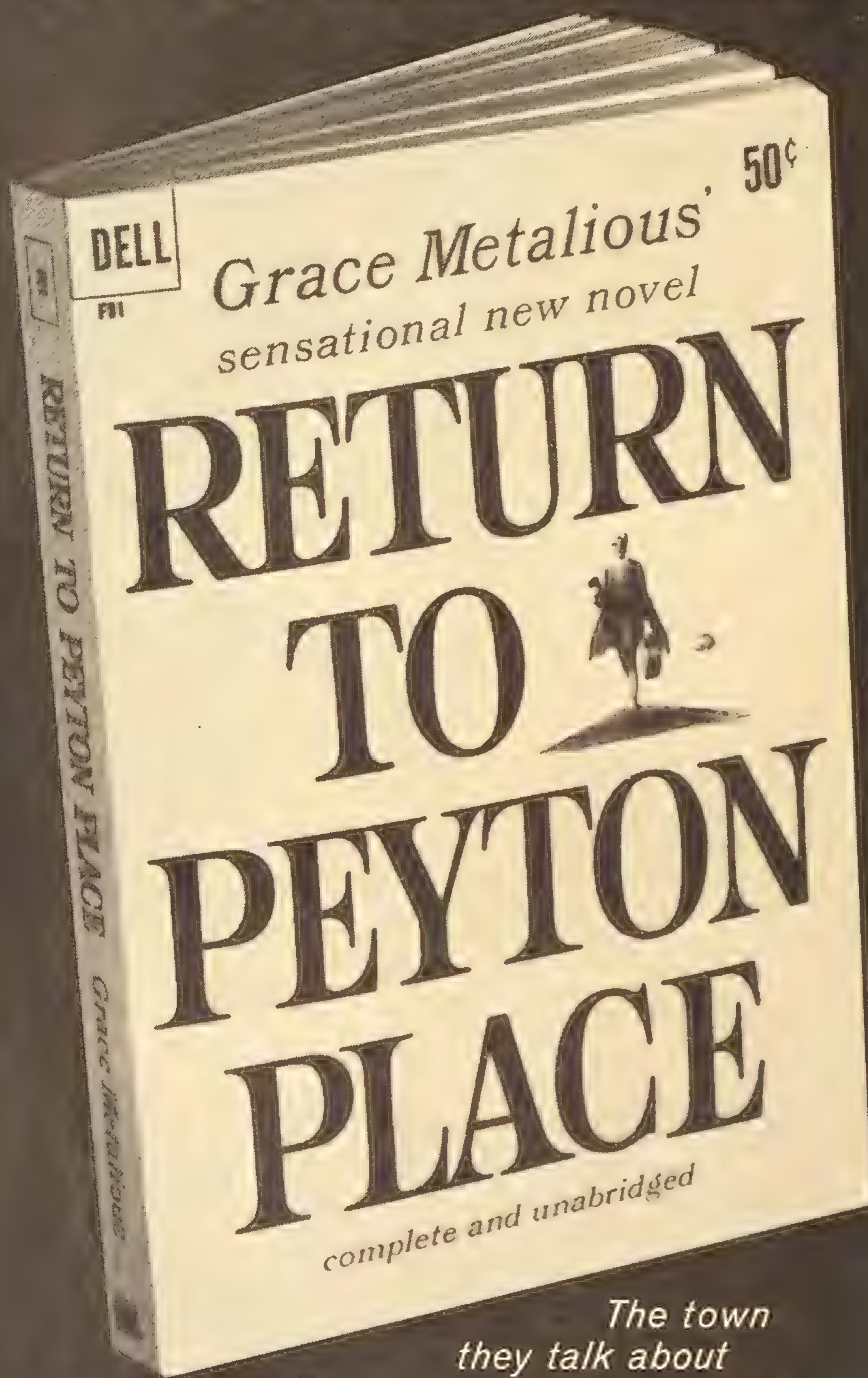
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discovered her name was Betty Kalb. And for the next few days I just couldn't get her out of my mind. That's when I discovered I had to see her again. It wasn't easy, but after a lot of double talk I think I confused Betty into a date.

"I sometimes think I didn't know as much as I thought about women, because now that I recall, Betty *never did* say no. She just didn't say yes. I've asked Betty about it a couple of times, but she just smiles and looks very wise.

"Well, we got to dating pretty steadily and one night after leaving her at the door I walked home in one of those woozy trances. As the lady says, I wasn't sick, I was in love.

"Lucky for me, Betty felt the same way.

"Marriage? Why not? I had it made. There were plenty of parts around. And I was in love.

"We were married.

"Three days later I lost my job, as the show closed suddenly. I didn't work on the stage for a year.

"A month later I was desperate. Our money was gone. I used to wonder how a man could love a woman so much and yet provide her with nothing but failure. You see, auditioning, for an actor, is both expensive and time-consuming. If he tries-out during the day and works nights he looks like hell the next morning from lack of sleep. Casting directors want you fresh, clear-eyed and full of energy. And you can't fool them. They know all the angles.

"Finally I gave up auditioning and took a job selling jewelry in a store. The boss decided I was no diamond in the rough. Then, odds-and-ends salesman in a department store. The floorwalker just didn't understand actors. Then I sold stove-oil from a truck. I swear I don't know how our marriage managed to survive. It wasn't the sad state of our finances—and let me tell you they were really sorrowful. But it was the frustration that was eating my insides. I was nothing unless I was up there making an entrance from stage left. And I knew it. That's what was tearing at me. And Betty knew it.

"I discovered it was tearing at her, too.

A woman in love

"One morning I woke up and it was 10:00 a.m.

"'For crying out loud,' I bellowed at Betty, 'I'm two hours late for work. Why the devil didn't you get me up?'"

It was at this moment that Gene Barry discovered what a wise and wonderful woman he had taken for a wife.

Betty sat down next to him. She looked positively grim.

"Gene," she began, "you're going to be angry when I tell you. But please, hear me out before you splash all over the ceiling.

"I've taken a job. (*Sit down!*) I've got the hatcheck stand at the Copa. (*Honey, let me finish.*) We've got to accept one thing about you because you are the kind of man you are. You don't belong in a store and you don't belong on an oil truck. You belong on the stage, you belong before an audience. Any audience, even if you only carry a spear. I've watched the last few months. If you could see what's happening to you, you'd agree with me. What I want to do is this. I intend to work for about four months. We can live on my salary somehow. Maybe even save a little. But more important, you'll have the days. You can sleep at night and look the way you're supposed to look at auditions, well-rested and eager for the part. Don't argue, Gene, please. I've made up my mind."

"But my mind's made up too," Gene exploded. "What kind of oaf do you think I am? Why do you insist?"

"I'll tell you why I insist," Betty said evenly. "Because I love you. And I know you love me. And because it is that way between us I want to do something for you."

"Don't deny me a chance I may never have again. For the rest of my life I'll need you, Gene. And I'll like that. But right now I can help. Please, let me do it."

Gene looked at his wife and knew that she meant every word she had spoken. Suddenly he put his arms around her and for a moment they hugged all the happiness, love and sadness that a man and a woman can have for each other.

"Besides," Betty said with the hint of snifle, "you may have a son this Fall—or a daughter."

In the next few weeks Gene tried harder than ever. He took any job he could get as long as it was before an audience. He emceed programs in theaters and night-clubs. He performed in New York towns where they still had vaudeville shows. He sang at State fairs. He took small-paying parts in off-Broadway plays.

"Once," said Gene, "I toyed with the idea of becoming an auctioneer. But Betty put her foot down."

A man named Mike Todd

"Finally Betty had to quit her job. You'd think that a man as desperate as I was at that time would stumble onto something, anything. It didn't happen. I don't know. Somehow we made it. Because the day my son was born I got a call from a man named Mike Todd. He had a job for me. My son's name is Michael. And from that moment on things improved. Nothing sensational. But I did a number of plays and finally got a bid from Paramount where I did *Red Garters* and a couple of other pictures. In between I did a lot of TV work, about a hundred shows."

"Still, Betty and I played our dollar bills close to the vest."

"One day my agent called me and asked if I'd like to do a Western TV series."

"Me? A cowboy? Not on your life," I said.

"It may sound strange, but I've always wanted to be a super-actor. What this actually is I don't know. But I used to think about getting a chance at an Academy Award. Winning an Oscar. It was a big dream with me. Then one day I thought it over and asked myself, 'Barry, just suppose for a moment that you *never* do win an Oscar? What then?' It's funny, but after all that yearning, the only answer I could think of was a brilliant 'So what?'"

"I guess a little of that longing was still in me when the agent asked me about the Western. It's why I said no. I felt there was nothing grand about a Western."

"But then he asked, 'Is it still *no* if I tell you that the character you play wears a derby hat and carries a gold-headed cane?'"

"It is now *yes*," I said, very distinctly. That sounded elegant. 'I'll do it. What's the character's name?'"

"Bat Masterson."

Today, Gene Barry, as the famous well-dressed Western play-boy marshal, is easily one of the best-known personalities on television.

Gene and Betty have built a house in Hollywood's semi-exclusive Benedict Canyon. It is a big house, 4,500 square feet. It is exactly the kind of house the Barrys wanted, principally because Gene built most of it himself. They have another son now, Frederic, age five. Betty needs Gene, just as she said she would—and she likes it, just as she said she would. And they are a warm, wonderful, happily married couple because they still like to do things for each other.

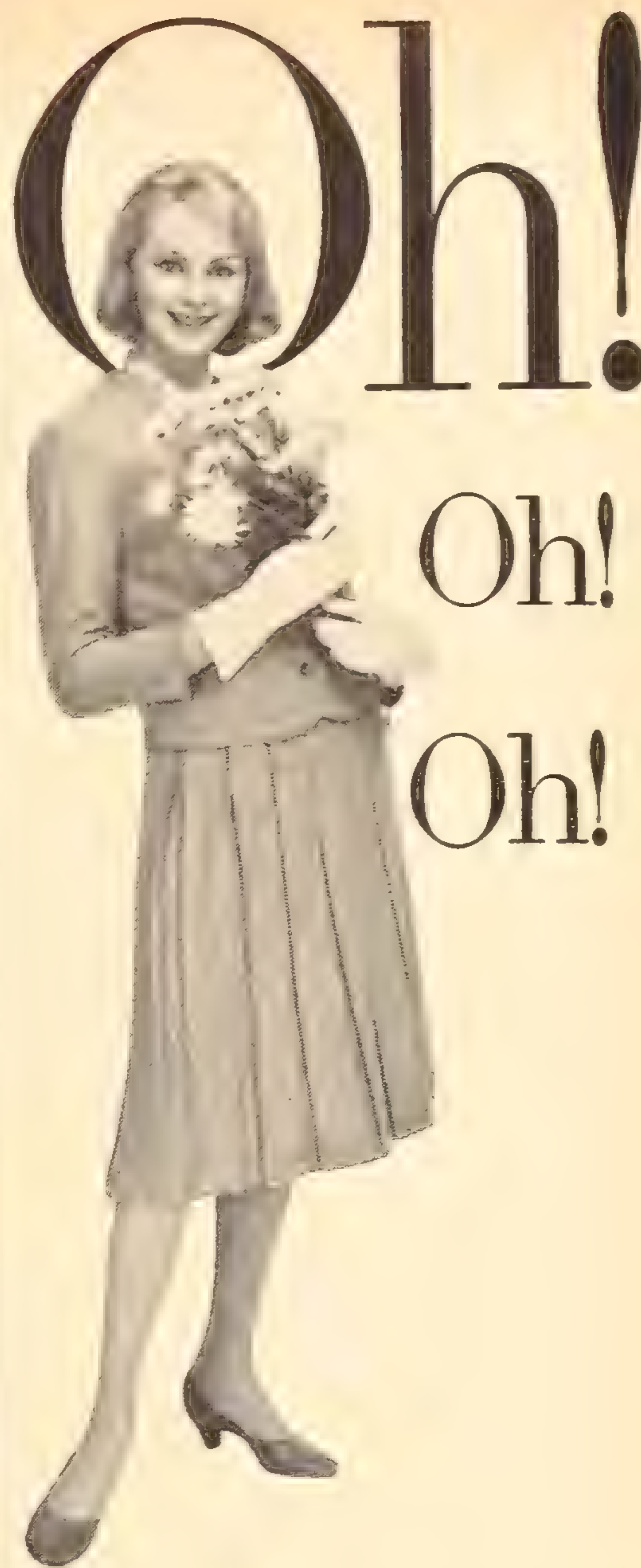
But Gene's life is not quite complete.

"There's just one thing I wish Bat Masterson did. But I've checked and he never got around to it."

What was that?

"He never played the violin," Gene says with a long soft look back at the past. . . .

END



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NO PADS
NO ODOR



A Real Swinging Shower

(Continued from page 32)

—but let her tell it: "When I walked in and found my girlfriends there, I thought I'd keel over! I was just flabbergasted. When I saw them there, all dressed up, Elinor Donahue, Gigi Perreau, Jennifer West, Danny Thomas' daughter Margaret, calling out 'Surprise, Surprise,' and saw all those pretty packages . . . I don't know why, but suddenly I found myself kind of choked up and for a moment I couldn't say anything. I tried to cover my confusion and say something off-hand and bril-

liant, like 'Oh, you shouldn't have—' but I found there were some tears in my eyes that got in the way."

"But Judi hurried over to me and put her arms around me and teased me. 'Come on in, Pamela; this is going to be a *happy* party, honestly it is.'"

"And we did have fun. Lots of girl talk—and lots of teasing too. . . ."

"Judi was a riot. She said she'd been engaged three times so far but never had a shower like this. 'Next time I get engaged,' she said, 'I'd like one of you girls to arrange a shower like this for me. Then I'll just *have* to marry the guy!'"

"Everyone wanted me to tell (again) how Darryl and I met, when we were 'finally' getting married, what 'that apartment' of ours was like. . . ."

"All the girls knew the story but they also knew I loved telling it. How Darryl and I met when we were both doing a play in a little theater in Hollywood. How our romance grew when we were in *The Tingler* together."

"And how, once we knew we were in love and wanted to get married, we sat down one evening and talked it over. We believe that couples who *rush* into marriage are missing an experience they'll never be able to recapture. Darryl and I had all the fun, the parties and the special kind of excitement that only engaged cou-

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■ About thirty years ago, when Babe Ruth was at the height of his glory, a chunky little boy named Billy was batboy for the New York Yankees.

Billy grew to love Babe Ruth with a fierce loyalty. He was almost a slave to all the great man's wants. That batboy followed Babe Ruth wherever he went. He ran errands for him. He shined his shoes. He was his messenger boy, his servant; he was the keeper of Babe Ruth's bats. When Babe Ruth had a good day in a ballgame, Billy would be the happiest youngster in the world. When Ruth had one of those bad days on the field, he would feel worse than the Babe himself.

That chunky little batboy wanted to be just like Babe Ruth. He would say to Ruth, "Babe, would you teach me to play ball? There's nothing I want more than to become a major-league ballplayer like you."

Babe Ruth would put his arm around him and say,

"Son, you can be anything you want, if you want it bad enough, and try hard enough."

Ruth encouraged him to stick around and learn all the baseball he could. He told him to practice, practice, and then practice again.

"Stick to the training rules," Ruth would advise, "and live a clean life."

But there were times when Ruth, himself, did not follow his own advice. He stayed up late at nights. He stuffed himself with food at all hours of the day without any regard for training rules. Many of his foolish acts made newspaper headlines, as did his home runs. But to that batboy, the great Babe Ruth could do no wrong.

One afternoon, before a ballgame, Babe Ruth decided to have a little snack. He told his loyal batboy to go fetch him a couple of hot dogs and some soda pop. Billy rushed away to do Babe Ruth's bidding. He brought back a dozen hot dogs and a dozen bottles of soda pop. And Babe Ruth ate all those hot dogs

the "Babe" and the batboy



and drank all that soda pop. Of course, no one knew about this except Babe and the batboy.

That afternoon the million-dollar ballplayer came down with a bellyache heard 'round the world.

He collapsed, and had to be rushed to a hospital.

Newspaper headlines all over the world blazed with the shocking news that Babe Ruth was dying. When the Yankees' manager found out who had fed the Babe, he promptly fired that unhappy batboy.

Very soon Babe Ruth became well again and went on to even greater glory. Billy never did become a big league ballplayer. Being fired from his job and not being near his idol, crushed him.

His baseball dreams were dead.

His whole world crashed about him.

As the years drifted by, that chunky little batboy looked back upon his baseball dreams and considered himself a failure. But he did go on to become famous, though not in baseball. He followed Babe Ruth's advice, and, in time, went on to become a famous motion picture and television actor. You know him now as William Bendix.

However, the strangest part of the story is that William Bendix was the actor chosen to play the part of Babe Ruth in the motion picture story of his fabulous life—*The Babe Ruth Story*.

ples can share. And we had a chance to know each other as we really are, to iron out problems so that there wouldn't be any unpleasant surprises or disillusioning discoveries after we're Mr. and Mrs. . . .

"We took our time about planning all the details of our wedding and it was the most wonderful kind of planning. We decided on a formal wedding at an early nuptial mass with Dwayne as best man.

"In those months we had together, planning our future together, I made an important decision—to give up my career and be a full-time wife. Our engagement period made me know that what I wanted most out of life was to be Mrs. Darryl Hickman, wife, homemaker, mother.

"And because there was no particular rush, we could take all the time we wanted finding our first home. That was so much fun, looking at model rooms, model homes, dreaming and planning. We looked at houses and apartments both and finally agreed that we'd rent an apartment. Then when children arrived, we'd buy a house.

"Furniture shopping took us to antique shops, quaint out-of-the-way stores, exciting auctions where we'd bid for just the right piece. What a thrill it was to go to the apartment that would soon be our very own and rearrange the furniture each time something new was delivered. We were going to have a lovely place that was truly our home, furnished leisurely just the way we both wanted it, to move into right after our honeymoon. . . ."

In between the questions and the teasing, Pamela did manage to open all her gifts. Then Judi stood up and made a little speech:

"We hope the gifts we gave you are just what you need, Pam, but there is something that every bride-to-be needs most—and I'm afraid it hasn't arrived yet."

"What's that?" Pamela asked innocently.

"A husband!" Judi laughed. At that moment the door opened and in came Darryl, followed by 'Dobie' and 'Maynard.'

Pam's husband-to-be was just as delighted with the gifts as she was, which is a good thing since the loot got piled in his strong arms, and he left the party loaded down with all their packages. . . .

Not long after the shower, Pamela had a luncheon party for her bridesmaids—Darryl's sister Dierdre, Judi (Mrs. Martin) Milner, Anna Lou Kent, and Diane Miller—and her matron of honor, Ruth (Mrs. Jerry) Paris. Pam had her heart set on an all white wedding, but she wanted the girls to have a say in what style their gowns would be. They decided on something that would look lovely and appropriate for the wedding and yet could be worn later on for parties. They chose a simply-cut white dress with a scoop neckline, bell skirt and three-quarter sleeves, and with it they'd carry deep red American Beauty roses.

Pamela's mother was flying to Hollywood from Connecticut for the wedding, but she couldn't get there in time to be with her daughter for that crucial time of getting ready for the ceremony and easing pre-ceremony jitters. But her landlady, Mrs. Brown, was a kind and motherly woman and offered her own home for the bridal party to dress in. When the girls arrived, at 8:00 in the morning, Mrs. Brown had fruit cake and coffee waiting.

Pamela was too trembly to button buttons properly; however with the help of her bridesmaids and her landlady, she managed to get into something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. An old lace handkerchief of her mother's, a borrowed hoop petticoat, a blue garter—and her new wedding gown. She looked very sweet in her beautiful wedding gown, but she kept asking the girls nervously, "Do I look all right. Do I look all right?"

Somehow they got to the church, in plenty of time and all in one piece. It

wasn't yet 10:00, and the church was cool and hushed, and the heavy scent of the flowers and the candles hung in the air. The organ was playing softly and the guests were already beginning to arrive.

But Darryl wasn't there! Ruth Paris' husband Jerry was supposed to drive him to the church, and now Ruth groaned, "Oh dear, Jerry is *always* late. He's always getting lost. He was two hours late at his own wedding." Poor Pam, she was nervous enough as it was—

They showed up, however, before Pam collapsed, Jerry muttering vaguely something about getting West Hollywood confused with West Los Angeles. . . .

At last everyone was in place and ready. The organist waited, poised for the cue to begin the wedding march. Suddenly the little flower girl, five-year-old Tina Hillie, became involved with a butterfly that had flown into the waiting room. She just couldn't be persuaded to walk out like a good girl and strew the rose petals along the aisle. Finally one of the bridesmaids promised to help her find *another* butterfly *after* the wedding and Tina consented.

Pamela is a very sentimental girl. The excitement of the Most Important Day in her life and the strain of all the delays were too much for her, and as she walked down the aisle on the arm of her Uncle Ed Hillie, her smile was very tremulous—when she managed to smile at all.

Deirdre and Dwayne knelt with Pamela and Darryl before the altar as the vows were recited. By now Pam was a little weepy. It affected everyone, in fact, except Father O'Donnell (who had seen many a weepy but happy bride). The bridesmaids' eyes were wet, and even Darryl began fishing for his handkerchief. Pam's hands were shaking so she could hardly put the ring on Darryl's finger, but Father O'Donnell leaned over, smiled encouragement, and helped her.

Pam may have been terribly nervous at the church, but at the reception at the Beverly Hills Hotel she was like a new woman. Well, she was—she was the brand new Mrs. Darryl Hickman, and a radiant bride. She laughed and chatted with the guests and thoroughly enjoyed herself. She tossed her bouquet. Deirdre caught it. She handed her blue garter to Darryl to toss to the ushers. Dwayne caught it.

Said Pam's new sister-in-law: "I think I'll put that bouquet to work and get married." Said Pam's new brother-in-law: "So I'm supposed to be next. Hmm, we'll see."

Said Pam's new father- and mother-in-law: "Let's get over the excitement of this wedding before we have another one in the family!" **END**

Gigi Perreau is in CBS-TV's BETTY HUTTON SHOW; Elinor Donahue is in CBS-TV's FATHER KNOWS BEST; Dwayne Hickman and Bob Denver are in CBS-TV's THE MANY LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS.

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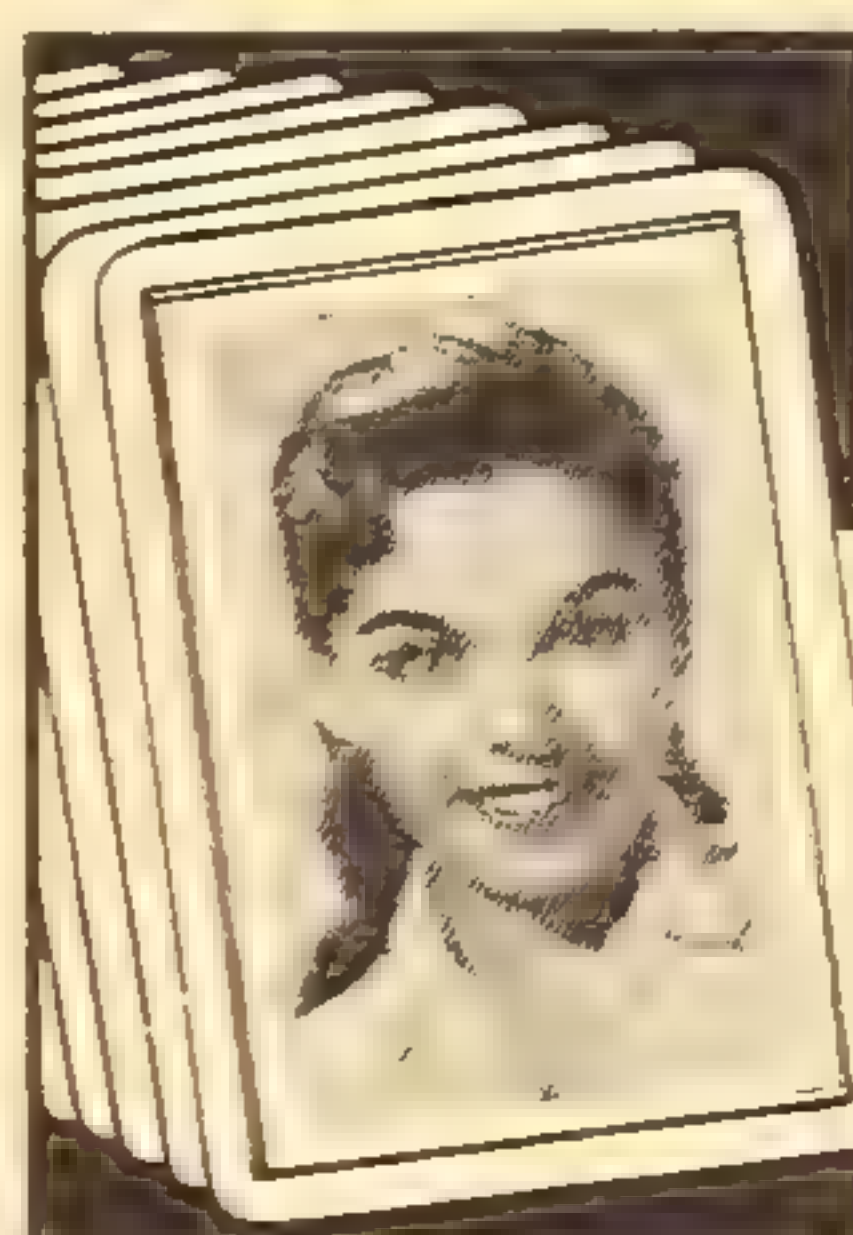
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I Don't Want to Leave You, Eddie

(Continued from page 26)

airplane one fatal day without her. . . .

"When I opened at the Waldorf-Astoria Empire Room in November," Eddie explained to me recently, "Elizabeth already had temperature and a cruel hacking cough. But she knew how important this opening was to my career, and wouldn't hear of going to the hospital."

"Elizabeth just hates hospitals," he added, shaking his head to indicate puzzlement, as we rode up to Doctors Hospital—where Liz had finally been forced to go on Thanksgiving day.

"Elizabeth's been in so many hospitals,—about fifteen in all," Eddie continued, reeling off mentions of her back ailment that had kept her in a cast . . . her throat operations . . . and the birth of her daughter Liza when she was married to Michael Todd.

"Elizabeth"—that's what Eddie always calls her—"had that Caesarean against the advice of twelve doctors," he said.

"And to make it worse, she resists anesthetics—they can't seem to knock her out. She sleeps two hours and she's conscious again."

I asked Eddie how her attack of pneumonia had come about, and he, knowing Liz' revulsion to discussing details of her illness, replied, "You're not going to get medical, are you?"

Eddie let himself get 'medical' enough to say, "Actually, all we know is that for a long time she's had spasms of coughing that she can't control—accompanied by very painful headaches."

Eddie was especially bothered because no one seems to know what caused the coughing. "I'm sure it's not due to smoking," he said. "Elizabeth's not a heavy smoker. She never starts smoking until 5:00 in the afternoon. She says she doesn't like the taste of cigarettes in the daytime."

Those six-month presents

When I had interviewed the Fishers in their five-bedroom apartment at the Waldorf shortly before Eddie's Empire Room opening, Liz had been less concerned about her illness than about keeping her husband's spirit up—and being a dutiful mother.

Eddie was holding hands with Liz, who was watching the two dogs, and Do-do the Siamese cat which was on my lap biting my pencil, and baby Liza, who was on my lap biting Do-do.

It was the six-month anniversary of their wedding, and Liz had brightened the occasion by giving him a gift of diamond-studded cufflinks, the diamonds in X's, and engraved with some very personal (and unprintable) endearment. (They wouldn't even let me peek.)

Eddie's reaction was, "Oh, they're beautiful . . . marvelous."

"Tell him," Liz directed Eddie, "what you got me!"

"A mink sweater," Eddie smiled bashfully.

"Something every girl needs," Liz said.

Regarding their future plans, Eddie announced, "We plan to live here permanently. The kids are going to school here."

"Michael was sick and stayed home the other day—and actually did his homework in bed," Liz added. "I don't see how he could be a child of mine."

Eddie was tickled as a little boy when he revealed that Liz had helped him get a part in her new movie, *Butterfield 8*.

"I'm gonna play a piano player named Eddie. Elizabeth plays a . . . a . . . a lady 56 of the evening. I never acted before."

Eddie seemed to say this emphatically.

I asked, "Didn't you act in *Bundle of Joy*?" (which you'll remember he did with Debbie Reynolds).

"No! I looked like a gook. Now I'm in the hands of a very good director—and directress—my wife." He smiled little-boyishly at the pretty Mrs. Fisher.

Eddie was also joyous about his new recording arrangement—heading his own company, with Liz also heading it—if you can straighten that out.

I couldn't get clear from them who is president and who is vice president. Each said the other was president. Regardless, the moneybags, the angel, is Canadian multimillionaire Lou Chesler, of General Development fame.

"Why don't you do a TV spec together?" I asked.

"What would Elizabeth do?" Eddie asked. "She can't. . . ."

"Don't knock her," I warned him. "I happen to like her."

Eddie laughed. "She can't sing. She started as a singer. She's terrible."

"That's right," Liz nodded. "I can't even croak."

Eddie was hurt about a few stories in the papers—especially one that implied that his engagement at the Las Vegas Desert Inn had been a failure.

"That's as true as we're not sitting here," he said. "It was a wonderful engagement. In fact, we're going to work there eight weeks a year."

Liz and that baby

"By the way," I suddenly burst in, "are you expecting?"

"Expecting what?" Liz shot back, playing it innocently.

"To become a mother," I exclaimed.

"I am a mother," she reminded me.

Then laughingly, she stood up and showed how lean she was in her sky-blue slacks.

"No, we're not expecting—and if we were, we'd be delighted to tell the whole world."

As for Eddie's engagement at the Waldorf, Liz did her wifely duty doubly, quadruply! Eddie's opening night in the Empire Room was the most glamorous I've seen this decade in New York—I'm not sure that even Frank Sinatra attracted more big names when he opened there.

It was Liz, the promoter, the public relations wizard, who made it all possible.

Word spread around midtown New York that Liz was in the Empire Room for both the dinner and supper shows, and the Waldorf lobby soon had more people in it than when Khrushchev was there.

Aly Khan squeezed through, along with Jack Benny, Edie Adams, Mrs. Milton Berle, Composer Jule Styne, Ethel Merman, Sandra Church, Gloria Vanderbilt, Audrey Meadows, Phil Silvers, Red Buttons, Ingemar Johansson, Arthur Loew Jr., and Johnny Mathis.

A famous columnist left muttering that he'd forgotten to make a reservation and they were going to seat him behind the orchestra. They dragged him back and gave him a table right in front of the other front tables.

The *maitre d'hotel*, Louis, was retaining his equanimity as well as he could under fire.

And at the side of Aly Khan, surveying it all, was Liz Taylor wearing quarts and quarts of diamonds and a long chinchilla wrap.

One table of twelve which had seen

Eddie at dinner wouldn't go, so Liz had to pay their \$450 tab to get them to depart.

At first we of the press wondered just how it happened that there was such a fabulous outpouring of celebrities—and then the truth came out.

Liz had invited them as her guests, meaning that they had, of course, paid no checks. She had literally invited seventy people—her excuse being that in addition to it being Eddie's opening, it was their first anniversary—six months married.

Some buttinsky asked Liz about her generosity. She bristled a little.

"Can't a girl invite a few guests in if she wants to?" she demanded.

The Waldorf figures about \$20 a throw for a party in the Empire Room, so Liz' tab for her "few guests" came to around \$1500.

It was worthwhile, however, for never has there been such a discussed, written-about and photographed opening . . . and Eddie's vital engagement was off to a smashing start.

Eddie sang many love songs that seemed personally aimed at Liz, and in a closing speech said, "This wouldn't have been possible without the greatest little lady in the world."

"I'd like to have her take a little bow—not too big a one—she really is Mrs. Eddie Fisher."

Another party

Afterward, Liz gave Eddie another party—for all the same V.I.P.'s—at Leone's restaurant. That started at 2:00 a.m.

The champagne was plentiful. It was still going strong when I arrived—about 4:00 a.m.

"Do you know," somebody said, "that there's probably only one other person in recent show business history who would have thought of such promotion for an opening?"

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Who was that?" the party commented, correcting me. "Mike Todd!"

Maybe Liz had learned it from him. . . .

Liz appeared in good health at the Waldorf opening, but as Eddie later told me, her cough had been getting worse and her temperature rising, and by delaying her trip to the hospital, she was making herself sicker.

A week later she was in Doctors Hospital, with two doctors in attendance diagnosing her condition as double pneumonia.

And the lavish Thanksgiving dinner she had arranged was left uneaten.

Liz' hospitalization was a trial for Eddie because people were always asking him how she was—and she wasn't good.

"Somebody even stopped me and said they'd seen her on the street—right while she was at her sickest," Eddie said.

"Who was it they saw on the street who looked like her?" I asked.

"I doubt if there's anybody who really looks like her," he said loyally.

Her first visitor when she began to recover was playwright Tennessee Williams, who wrote *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*—the movie that won her an Academy Award nomination—and followed it up with *Suddenly, Last Summer*.

Her second visitor was director Joseph Manckiewicz, who claims she's due to win an Oscar, long delayed, for her role in that new film.

Eddie said, "I didn't count as a visitor."

At first Eddie had a room at the hospital, adjoining Liz'—but the hospital needed the room, and I got dispossessed," he explained.

He raced uptown to see her in a cab between shows—toting some pizza.

"Every night, pizza she's got to have," laughed Eddie. "We try different res-

taurants, hunting the best pizza for her. She really keeps me on my bicycle. Last year after her throat operation—and she had a tough throat operation—she had to have chile cor. carne. Real hot chile con carne!" Eddie held his throat thinking about it.

Eddie considered her rapid recovery quite remarkable.

"She was hardly coughing at all, and was talking about going out to the desert to get some rest, and some sun," he said.

Eddie managed to obtain delivery of the mink sweater while Liz was hospitalized.

"Did it measure up to expectations?" I asked Eddie.

"Yes—and it's pretty hard for anything to measure up to Elizabeth," Eddie answered. . . .

What Liz has done for Eddie

The mutual adoration of Eddie and the girl sometimes called the most beautiful one of the world seems to have given Eddie some confidence.

For instance, one night he appeared at a Waldorf benefit for Mayor Robert Wagner and Mrs. Wagner. Former President Harry S. Truman made a surprise appearance there and played the piano.

Eddie came on the dais just as Truman left, with his accompanist, Eddie Samuels, coming along with him.

The toastmaster, Harry Hershfield, after

introducing Eddie, said, "What's the name of your accompanist?"

"Harry Truman," joked Eddie. After the first song, Eddie told Eddie Samuels, "Harry would have played it in a better key than that."

The audience gave him a tremendous ovation when he sang, *You Gotta Have Heart*. Eddie told the crowd that he was always easy to get out for such events.

"All they had to do was ask me," he said. "I'm available. I have a tuxedo—and I have another tuxedo. . . ."

To close observers, it seemed that Eddie was unmindful of some lingering criticism of his romance with Liz. Columnists and other feelers-of-the-public-pulse are aware that some of this feeling still exists.

Any mention of either of them by a columnist is sure to bring a trickle of protest mail—some of it bitter—often anonymous. But those who protest don't have much to say except that they think Debbie Reynolds was made unhappy. To those who have watched Debbie lately, she seems very, very much the opposite.

Eddie and Liz seem to have licked most of the complaints, but as Eddie says in the song, *You Gotta Have Heart*. **END**

See Liz now in *SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER*, for Columbia, and soon in *CLEOPATRA*, for 20th-Fox, Liz and Eddie later in *BUTTERFIELD 8*, for MGM.

Special Report From Liz' White Prison

At Harkness Pavilion, Elizabeth Taylor was only a fair patient. For years Liz had been in and out of hospitals and had built up a resentment against them. She thinks of hospitals as "white prisons."

She instructed nurses and doctors on where to place strategic needles and demanded to know every other half-hour when she would be able to leave, leave, leave.

Eddie took an adjoining suite. He showed the harrowing effects of worry and sleepless nights. His eyes had dark circles. He was losing weight. He read to her, watched television with her between his own shows and after midnight. He tried to keep her spirit up by talking about what they would do on her release.

On the third day of Liz' hospitalization, the doctors called him up and said: "Eddie, your wife has the worst case of double pneumonia we've seen in the past ten years. Both of her lungs are virtually filled, her general condition is not strong and the fever and cough have taken their toll of whatever reserve she may have had to battle this. She is a stoic and seems unperturbed over the seriousness of her condition, but she will need constant care and a minimum of four weeks here."

To break the bad news gently, Eddie ordered some of Liz' favorite foods from Lindy's. He called her on the phone from the Waldorf and asked her for a date. She played along and said, "Wonderful, darling. Why don't we just stay here at my place and we'll have a cozy dinner for two?"

Eddie arrived, stopped in the hospital florist shop for a moment, then went right up to the fifth floor. He helped the nurse prepare the tray of Lindy's goodies, stuck a velvety red rose in a paper cup and wrote a little note on the paper place mat. On the edge of the tray he propped a little doll, a gift from Liza.

Liz, propped up on pillows, in a white hospital gown, broke into a wide smile and sniffed hungrily. She did her best to eat but barely managed to nibble as Eddie passed each plate to her. She made an effort to chat between coughs. Eddie hushed her by touching a kiss from his lips to hers.

At 2:00 a.m. he was back. Liz' nurse said the doctor had just been there and her fever had gone down one degree. She had also slept in snatches without the racking cough. The nurse said that there was a definite improvement in her attitude.

Eddie sat in the chair till she awakened and greeted her: "I came to give you a good-night kiss; now it's good morning."

She asked about the children, recalled their sad voices on the phone. ("Mommy, we miss you." "When are you coming home, Mommy?" "Mommy, I'm making a get-well present for you in school. All the children are helping me.")

"Tell them," she whispered to Eddie, "that I'm coming home sooner than anybody thinks." On December 13th, Elizabeth Taylor, smiling, leaning gently on the arm of her husband, walked out of her "white prison," a free woman again. **END**



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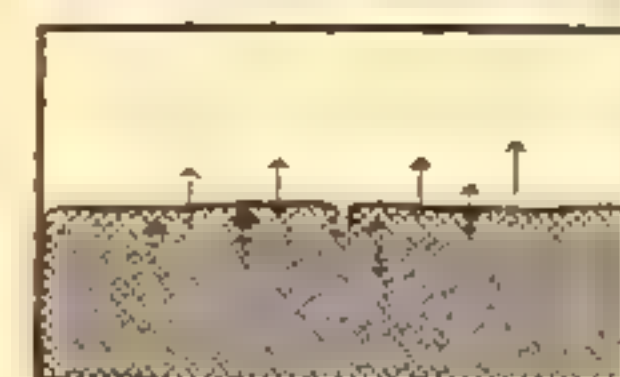
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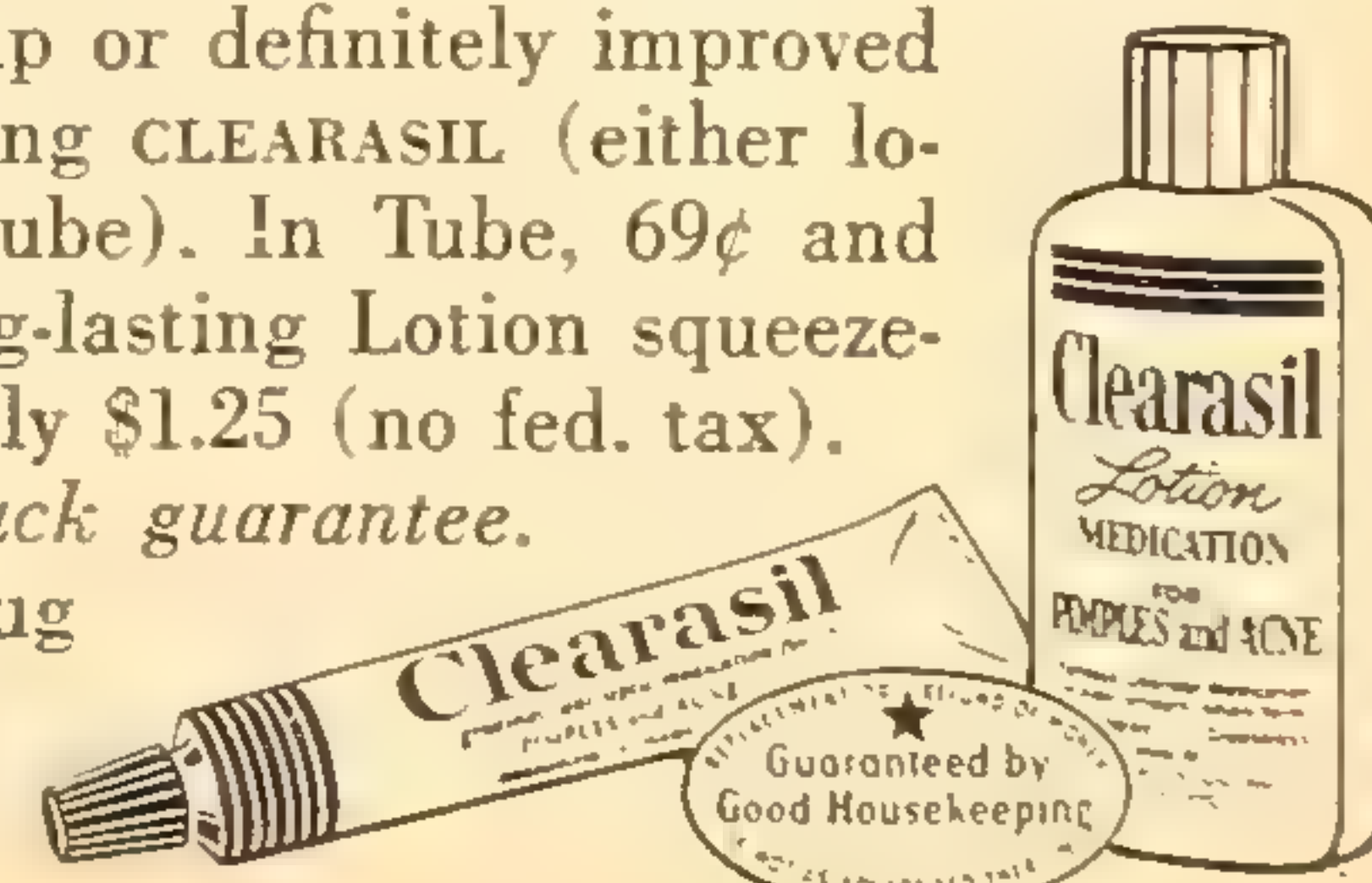


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The Truth About Brigitte Bardot's Marriage

(Continued from page 46)

many clothes on, and they told reporters they were married when they weren't married, and then they looked at each other, suddenly charmed by the whole idea. Why not get married?

The wedding was part of the game, too, no rules, no penalties, just two golden movie stars imitating life. Brigitte giggled in Jacques' arms, and Brigitte's father fought with a photographer, and it was more a comic opera than a sacred ceremony.

"Do you want me to bash your face in?" Brigitte's father asked a cameraman, biting the fellow's hand to prove he wasn't just empty threats, and the Mayor, attacked by Monsieur Bardot for not having provided more police, nearly walked off in a huff. "I'm not going to act like a prizefighter," bellowed Mayor Guillaume, nervously stroking his tri-colored sash.

"Let's do it quickly," said Brigitte, and there in the Mayor's private office, under a dangling electric bulb, Brigitte Bardot Vadim became Mme. Jacques Charrier.

The reception was private, with the guests drinking champagne, while Jacques nibbled on Brigitte's bare toes.

And so the languorous summer months drifted by, with love, oh, love, oh, careless love, and no end to the wine and the kisses, and music and dancing and shopping sprees, and buying twenty-five cashmere sweaters at a clip—"You like them all? Let's take them all"—and crazy nights at the beach with Jacques trying to abash nosy neighbors by brandishing a toy pistol.

Minor annoyances marred the idyll, from time to time. Pregnancy rumors started a week after the wedding, and separation rumors started almost as soon, and Jacques had appendicitis and lost twelve pounds, and then it was Fall.

The game was ending

Cold weather and cold facts descended on the Charriers. Brigitte was dunned for back taxes by her government—one of France's biggest assets was now being treated like a step-child. She developed skin trouble, and hid in the house, unwilling to show her blemished face to the public. Then it turned out, she *was* pregnant, and she was afraid to have a baby—can a baby have a baby?—and to top it off, Jacques was drafted.

All at once, the game wasn't fun any more. The Charriers regarded each other anxiously. Only a little time ago, they'd frolicked in the sun, the world's most beautiful irresponsibles, and now suddenly the sun had gone in, and they were here in this grey place wondering how to cope.

What would she do without him? Jacques Charrier must have asked himself, glancing from the army orders to his frightened wife. She, who'd never been able to stay alone, who used screaming rock 'n' roll records to fill the void of silence, who fondled stuffed teddy bears when no human being was near.

Even her career was cut off now, until the baby should arrive. Jacques Charrier shook his head, a boy who needed to become, overnight, a mature man. He took his bride on his lap, and smoothed the wild hair, the frowning forehead. "I'll be very good," she said seriously, like a five-year-old promising to remember to use his handkerchief. "I'll stay home and be quiet and think of names for the baby."

And then she kissed him, trembling. "Will you phone? Will you phone?"

On November 6th, not five months after their marriage, Brigitte saw Jacques off on the train to the induction center. At the

station she cried, and he turned away so he wouldn't see his pregnant little girl-wife who couldn't understand where all her good times had gone.

You wonder what Jacques Charrier thought when he learned that Brigitte had gone to the theater the evening of that very first day he'd left. Their Paris apartment had seemed so bare, so full of shadows and echoes, and her father had called, and she'd grasped at his invitation.

A man could be only grateful to his father-in-law for looking after his lonely wife. But what about the next night? And the next? Who would companion Brigitte through all the nights of the twenty-seven and a half months Jacques would be gone?

A man beside her

You remember—and surely Jacques remembers—when Brigitte was in love with actor Jean-Louis Trintignant. She'd left her first husband, Roger Vadim, for Jean-Louis, and she'd even turned domestic for him—decorating, cooking—but when he'd been called up for military service, the romance had not survived.

She'd told the press about it later, in a sad little voice. "I don't hold anything against Jean-Louis," she'd said. "He was no longer beside me, that's all. And I need a man beside me all the time . . . to console me."

Were these words ringing in Jacques Charrier's ears as he approached the army post at Orange? It's hard to know.

With his commanding officer, Jacques behaved very well. "I expect to be treated just like everyone else," he said, but that was before he walked into the barracks and saw a pinup of his wife over almost every bunk. Jacques had been willing to share the other soldiers' work, but he hadn't figured on the other soldiers sharing Brigitte. "It's bad enough to leave her to join the army," he's reported to have moaned, "but to see her like that above every bed—it's just a nightmare!"

Less than a week after induction, Jacques was hospitalized with "a bad case of nerves," though army doctors said Charrier was having his "eyes checked."

Three days later he was back in Paris with Brigitte (he'd been given an emergency leave) and, when it was printed that he'd spent some of this leave shooting his latest movie, all hell broke loose.

Jacques returned, not to his barracks, but to the military hospital of Val de Grace for psychiatric treatment of his "nervous depression," and a member of Parliament took exception to what he felt were the unusual goings-on.

"What I want to know," cried Deputy Roland Boudet, "is whether all recruits are submitted to the same obligations when they enter their regiments, even if they come from the arms of a movie star?"

Other deputies chimed in, yelling "Very good!" and "Bravo!" and the army minister looked pained, and within a matter of hours, the Bardot-Charrier family doctor had got into the act.

He—one Dr. Duprouy—wrote to the newspaper *Paris Jour*, condemning stories about the couple. He said Brigitte and Jacques were both ill, and that putting forward doubts on the importance and gravity of Charrier's health had become so excessive that it is grotesque.

Because this is also doubting the honesty of the doctor who is taking care of him, Duprouy went on, and whose name you put in your articles. I sent a telegram to Jacques Charrier's colonel. It was because his wife was in bad shape. If I have sent

Jacques Charrier to the hospital, it was because his health was also alarming . . . I am disgusted that someone, anyone, can be that partial, that unjust and that hateful, and do so much harm to those who have only one thing against them, that they have succeeded too well.

Brigitte followed the doctor's letter with a message of her own to the same *Paris Jour*: My husband is really sick and is now under treatment at Val de Grace, she wrote. He has only one desire, which I share with him; that is, that as soon as he gets well, he will go back to do his military service as anyone else. Never would he accept special treatment, nor would his family. (Jacques has a father and two brothers in the French army.) If I can formulate one wish, Brigitte wound up, it is that the public consider him as a soldier among the others and stop being ironic toward him when misfortune causes him to fall sick. . . .

Behind barred doors set in the great, keyhole shaped stone wall of Val de Grace Hospital, Private Jacques Charrier paced like an animal, head down, shoulders hunched, thoughts pulling back, back, back . . .

What did he know, after all, about the woman he had married? Try to sort the truth from the fiction, try to understand the future by examining the past . . .

"Bribri," that was what her sister Mijanou had called Brigitte. "We were both very romantic as children," Mijanou had said. "And the stories Brigitte would write always had a Prince Charming who never failed to love and marry the heroine."

During the war, it was Brigitte who clung to her fuzzy bears, her dolls when the air raid sirens sounded, because the real world was too scary, but in an imaginary world, peopled with soft velvet animals, a little girl didn't have to be afraid.

At twenty-three, Brigitte still sucked her thumb, and ate too much chocolate, and was terrified of airplanes, and hated the cold, and admitted she owed everything she was to Roger Vadim.

She'd met him when she was sixteen, and he was an ambitious assistant director in French movies, and he invented her, the professional her. The tousled hair, the nakedness, the sex-kitten label, all were Vadim's ideas.

He even made publicity out of their marriage, but his hard work boomeranged when Brigitte, herself beginning to believe the stories about how she was just a child of nature, proceeded to fall in love with her leading man.

Instructions from a husband

There are film technicians who remember the day it happened, on the set of *And God Created Woman*. It was hot, and Jean-Louis Trintignant hovered over a bedded Bardot, covered only by a thin sheet.

"Caress her hair," called Brigitte's husband, Vadim. "Softly. That's it, very softly. Closer, Jean-Louis. Get closer. And now you can't stand it any more. You grab her, you squeeze her, you kiss her. Stronger, more violently!"

Jean-Louis kissed Brigitte. The long, passionate embrace went on in the quiet until finally Vadim stirred in his canvas chair, raising his hand. "Cut!" he called.

The cameras stopped, but, on the bed, the kiss continued.

It was the end of a marriage which had lasted four years. Vadim had succeeded in fulfilling his ambitions for himself and Brigitte, but he had also succeeded in destroying their life together.

"Why don't you at least wait until we finish the picture?" he asked Brigitte that night. "Afterward, you can do what you like—"

"Thanks for your permission" Brigitte

said sharply. "I'll use it."

"Jean-Louis is a nice guy," Vadim said.

"That's right," said Brigitte. "So long."

There's been plenty of criticism leveled at Brigitte for her airy disregard of her marriage vows; there's been plenty of sympathy for Vadim, who's always been a glib talker. "I suppose I should have slapped her when she looked at another fellow," he's said breezily, "but how could I? She has always had such an innocent look."

Still, perhaps Brigitte was more to be pitied than scorned. Picture a gawky adolescent in a pleated skirt, a heavy sweater, soft brown hair, being transformed by a brilliant promotor into a sex symbol—"the unattainable dream of every married man."

And she loved the promotor. "I used to wake up at night just so I could look at him." But Vadim was a sophisticate who cared more about her as a property than a wife. "He wasn't even jealous," Brigitte said wistfully. "How could he have loved me if he wasn't even jealous?"

With Jean-Louis (though he was already married), Brigitte moved into a duplex, furnished it with Empire-style couches, and hi-fi sets and animal-skin rugs. She gave Jean-Louis an allowance, and he gave her a few insights into herself.

"The first scene we shot together," he said, "I thought to myself, *What's the matter with that little mouse there?* At first, I felt pity for you. You must forgive me, but I said to myself, *This girl is lost. They have put a mask on her face and told her it is her face, and now, without realizing it, she is trying to live up to the mask.*"

"Say you love me," said Brigitte.

"I love you," said Jean-Louis. "And your caprices, your bad side, all that is not really you. At heart, you are afraid of being judged as you are. You are afraid someone will find beneath that vamp exterior a silly little girl who is ashamed at being a silly little girl."

For a while, Brigitte and Jean-Louis were happy. Vadim had been aloof, Jean-Louis was warm, and Brigitte felt safe.

As though a desperate old woman . . .

But Jean-Louis was called into military service, and Brigitte, ever-needing, unable to be satisfied by long-distance phone calls, took up with a Spaniard called Gustavo Rojo who had movie ambitions and saw Brigitte as a logical means to his end.

Rojo announced they'd marry, and Brigitte, outraged, promptly announced she was going to marry Jean-Louis, which surprised Jean-Louis' wife, who had refused him a divorce.

In the end, it didn't matter. Jean-Louis, home on leave, found Brigitte in the arms of a singer named Gilbert Becaud, and made his final exit, after throwing a salad bowl at his love and her new friend.

Becaud also had a wife, and gave Brigitte up when the going got public. Brigitte took sleeping pills, collapsed briefly, but recovered as soon as she met Italian actor Raf Valone. Raf liked her fine. The only trouble was he liked his wife and children even better, and soon that amour was fini.

She seemed defeated. The most desirable girl in the world, reduced to picking up pretty boys as though she'd been a desperate old woman.

In 1958, she had a mild fancy for a youth named Lhote, and she got him an extra's job in her picture, *The Woman and the Puppet*, and after the movie was finished, she moved him into the villa at St. Tropez. Dressed in a bikini, seated in Lhote's lap, occasionally kissing him, she received visitors. Asked about her new love, she reacted with a male kind of frankness. "He's not my love," she said. "He's my flirt." Cruelly, she gestured toward him. "He's cute, no? But oh, how stupid. . . ."

One writer, calling her a bad little bad girl, saw Brigitte destined to continue

down the long road Vadim set her on, without guidance, without loyalty, without love.

Brigitte might have been the first to agree with that writer. Shifting between fits of elation and dejection, sometimes kind, sometimes mean, she cared more for her dog Froufrou than for anyone in the world until, late in 1958, she met Sacha Distel in St. Tropez.

"I had known him slightly before that," she said, "and hadn't found him particularly interesting. He felt the same way about me. We were on vacation, and I was tired, depressed and a little sad."

Brigitte hired Sacha to teach her the guitar, and the first afternoon he came over, she asked him to stay for dinner. He said no, she said yes. And he was undone by the anxiety in her voice. "I want to eat dinner with someone, I'm so alone here—"

He stayed, and he believed her when she said the thing she most wanted was to be a wife "To bear children, to raise a loving family in the eyes of God—"

With newspaper columnists, however, Brigitte waxed nowhere near so maternal. "I'm in love with Sacha," she said, "but I live from day to day. Maybe one day I will just decide to get married. Not now."

Sacha and Brigitte got along famously, though they didn't agree on everything. "He can spend a whole day listening to Frank Sinatra," Brigitte once complained. "I like Sinatra too, but there's no need to exaggerate it—"

Sacha enjoyed saying he'd fallen in love with Brigitte's piano before he'd fallen in love with Brigitte—"It's the best piano in Saint Tropez"—and on September 8th, Brigitte announced their engagement, and said they'd be married next spring. "Marriage," she commented, "is decidedly beautiful."

What did Sacha most admire in his fiancée? Her youth, he said. And her frankness. "When she thinks something, she says it. When she wants something, she gets it."

Even when that something was Jacques Charrier, as it turned out. Jacques appeared to co-star in Brigitte's picture, and stayed on to co-star in her life, but the very knowledge that he pushed Sacha aside must make Jacques nervous.

After all, can't he be pushed aside too?

And now Brigitte's gone on record as saying her first child will be her last. She doesn't want any more, she doesn't find pregnancy "much of a joke," she's alarmed by the coming birth, "but I'm afraid I cannot find any way of avoiding it."

Restless, cooped up awaiting her confinement in February, Brigitte complains that she misses doing "hundred of things," but "I'll make up for it afterwards."

There must be a threat in her words for Jacques, who can't kid himself into cherishing the picture of a contented little woman playing with a rosy baby while waiting for her husband's discharge.

And it isn't just Brigitte's new words that threaten. So many of her old words could come back to haunt the troubled man.

"When Jean-Louis was doing his military service, how I wanted him near me!" she said once. "I always need someone near me . . . I need real affection. I need to feel it and to give it. The other day a contractor who was working on my house said to me: 'You know, you're really very nice.' That made me melt. I could have thrown my arms around him—"

A wife who hates being pregnant, who falls in love too easily, who can't bear solitude, who's vulnerable to the kindness of any stranger . . .

Behind barred doors set in the great, keyhole shaped stone wall of Val de Grace Hospital, Private Jacques Charrier paced like an animal, head down, shoulders hunched, thoughts pulling back, back, back . . .

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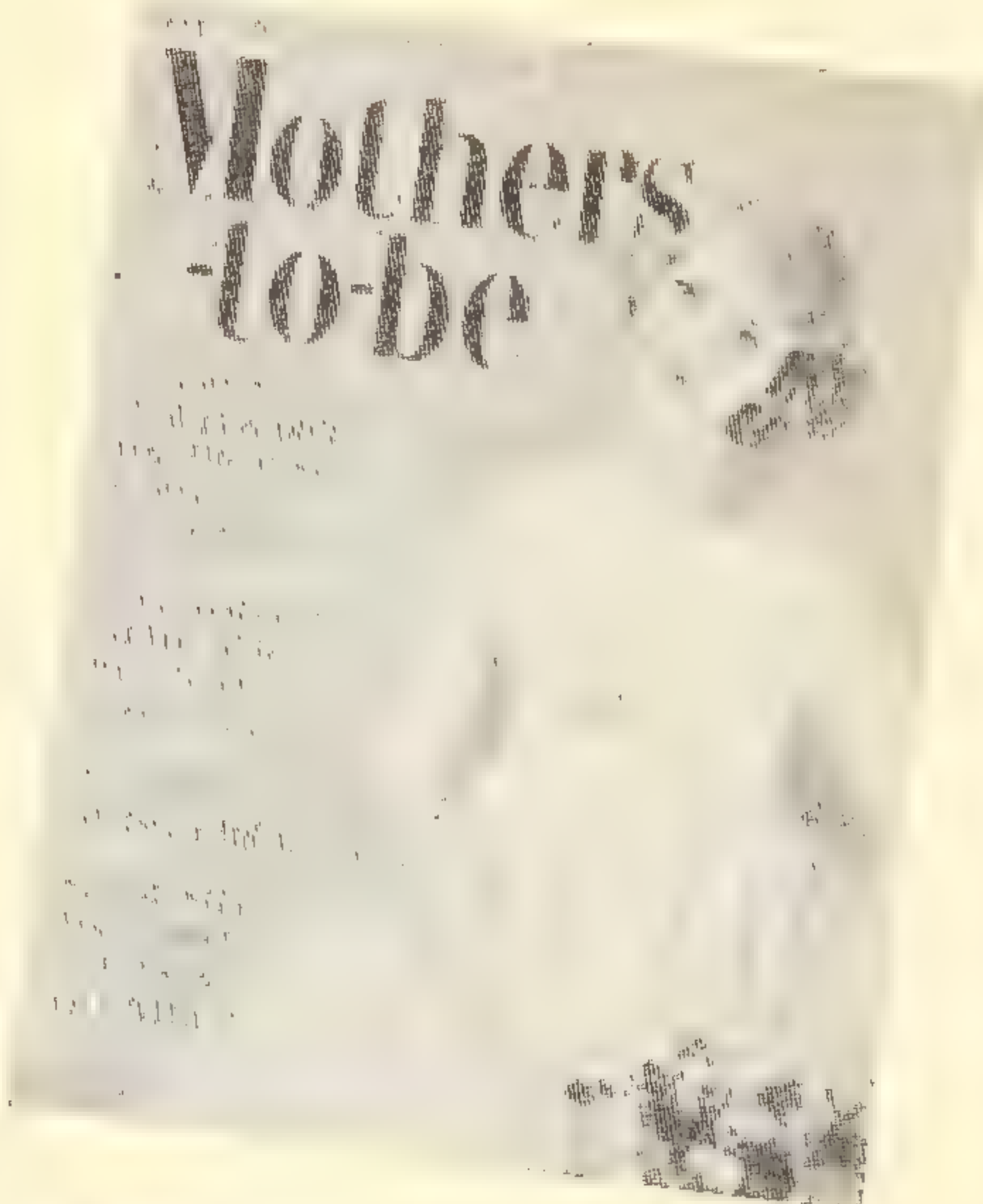
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Lana in Love!

(Continued from page 35)

brilliant, sensitive, intelligent and with a real sense of humor. Moreover, he is honorable and good. And so handsome!" she enthused. "Six feet tall, dark hair—and the most amazing hazel eyes I have ever seen."

"But to answer your question—Fred isn't free until February—and this time, with me, it has to be right. Oh, how right it has to be this time. We are not discussing marriage until the day we have the right to discuss it. He has not asked me to marry him."

I persisted, "And when he does?"

She made an almost imperceptible gesture of the shoulders as though she had already given that answer when she said, "Who can plan for tomorrow? Life is so uncertain."

"And how does Cheryl feel about Fred?" I went on.

"She likes him and respects him as I do. I know now," Lana said, "that love, the real thing, isn't a wild passion. It's based on companionship and respect and mutual interests and an admiration for the man in your life."

"Fred talks to me and advises me and what he says is always so sane. He always wants me to do what is expected of me—even to small things like being on time and keeping appointments. If I make a promise he insists that I keep it."

"He has three children, two girls, one twelve—one, eight, and a boy of five. Fred is devoted to them and naturally feels a deep sense of responsibility—just as I feel for Cheryl. I couldn't feel as I do about him if he felt less deeply about his children."

I thought, *Lana, my friend, these are the words of a woman in love and I mean a woman, not the girl I have talked with so many times over the long years I have known you, a girl who was in love with love.*

The difference

At thirty-eight, Lana is as beautiful and as much the glamorous movie star as she was at sixteen. But with—oh—what a difference! Maturity, and a new serenity set on her shoulders as tangibly as the decorations on a soldier who has been brave in a dangerous battle.

I, who have known her so long, realized that this Lana, who has suffered and known the bitterness of tragedy and almost unbearable heartaches and heartbreaks through sorrows that would have broken a less strong woman, is a much finer person at this point in her life than she has ever been.

I couldn't take my eyes off her when she entered the room overlooking my garden where I have interviewed her so many times in the past. I couldn't believe she was the same woman who was so crushed at the time her daughter Cheryl had ended the life of the late, unlamented Johnny Stompanato in an effort to save her adored mother. Then, Lana had looked her age, with sadness etched deep into her face.

But this day she looked so glamorous, so poised, so chic, so in possession of herself. Lana was wearing a Jean Louis dress and short coat of beige with a matching mink collar, the whole ensemble melting into the shades of her hair.

After we had greeted each other, both of us interrupting, trying to cover all the ground since we had last met and talking, talking, talking as women do who haven't recently seen each other, I said, "Oh, how different you look, Lana."

"Maybe it's my hair," she laughed. "It's called the 'frosted' look. It's several shades darker than my natural color and is just streaked with blonde." She wears it in a bouffant style that frames her face in a soft and becoming effect.

"Could be part of it," I agreed, "but there is something more than a mere external change. You have an inner glow."

She was quiet a moment, looking out over the garden at the lovely roses still in bloom, and the greens so verdant after our long Indian summer, even though this was the first afternoon with winter nip in the air.

Lana seemed to be measuring her words before she spoke. "Perhaps that's because I have found faith, a faith I never knew before." Her voice was low and soft as she went on, "I have found God and I have placed myself in his hands. I no longer worry about tomorrow. I meet my problems as they come up day by day—knowing that He will take care of me."

She was silent a minute but I didn't interrupt. She said, "You know perhaps better than anyone that I used to live as well as work in a make-believe world. I didn't particularly want to face reality. My trouble was that I existed in a sort of fairyland, believing that everything and everyone was good and never realizing that this beautiful dream world was surrounded by a deep and dreadful jungle."

I assumed Lana meant Stompanato, but she mentioned no names and neither did I. I had promised not to go into that closed chapter in her life. Besides, we had other things to discuss.

Lana and Fred May

I particularly wanted to know about this Fred May in her life, this brilliant young business executive in the manufacturing field with whom Lana's name is linked exclusively these days.

When I mentioned his name, Lana's mood brightened. Those old dimples sprang back into her smile as she said, "You know—I nearly brought Fred with me this evening. I so very much want you to know him and like him—and for him to know you, my friend."

It was at this point that we had the conversation which opens this story and naturally I was eager to learn more about this man whom Lana describes so—shall we say—affectionately.

"How and where did you meet Fred?" I asked.

She said, "I was invited to a party at the beach. I hadn't been going out socially at all and I dreaded to accept. I almost backed out at the last moment I so dreaded being in a large group of people again. But I went. The jump had to be made sometime."

"I was sitting with a group of casual acquaintances wondering again why I had come—when suddenly a man, a stranger, walked down the stairs from the entrance hall."

"I liked his looks, he was different. Later, we were introduced and after we chatted a while, I thought—how easy he was to talk to. No strain. No fencing. I really laughed when he told me confidentially that he very nearly had not accepted the invitation either!"

"We talked about so many things—and he made them sound so interesting—even those topics far removed from my usual spheres. Horses, for instance. Fred owns a stable of race horses, among other interests."

Lana didn't need any prodding from me to continue telling about this (perhaps) fateful night in her life. "When the evening was over, he asked for my telephone number. I was surprised to find this made me very glad. I gave it to him, of course."

"Then, three days went by without a

word. I thought, *Well, that's that.* It seemed obvious he didn't intend to follow up our pleasant evening, or that's what I thought.

"I told myself when he did call—I'd be quite aloof. So when that phone finally rang and he asked me out to dinner, what did I do? I accepted," Lana laughed. "From that time on, we started seeing each other four or five times a week—and now it's every night."

The kind of man she needs

"Lana," I said, "from the way you are talking I have a feeling Fred is just the kind of a man you need."

"I need a strong man and he needs a strong woman—and I guess this is it," she said with startling honesty.

I can state with equal honesty from the front row seat I have occupied during other loves and marriages in her life, that Lana has not made a habit of falling in love with strong men—at least strong enough for her to lean on.

Of all of the loves of her life, I know she most deeply cared for Tyrone Power, and she admits it. As dark as she was blonde, as handsome as she was beautiful, passionately in love at the height of their fame and youth, I have always felt that if Ty and Lana had married, how different both their lives might have been.

I remember attending that lavish party they gave together just before Tyrone left for Italy—and subsequently (and sadly) Linda Christian!

How sentimental and naive Lana and Ty were in their love story. The decorations at the party were hearts and flowers entwined! And, during the entire evening they were never more than a handclasp apart.

Who will ever know what happened to break up this idyll? Lana believes that someone poisoned Ty's mind and heart against her. Others think that Linda Christian, the original 'Lola' who gets what she wants, decided she wanted Ty—and got him. Whatever the reason, the marriage turned out to be a bad mistake for Tyrone and a shattering heartbreak for Lana.

Her marriage to millionaire Bob Topping was definitely on the rebound from Ty. In trying to forget him, Lana rushed into marriage with the millionaire-sportsman with whom she had little in common. She admits she was never in love with him. In addition, most of the time of their marriage she was quite ill, once from a dangerous miscarriage.

I mention Topping in Lana's life ahead of her first husband, Artie Shaw, and her second, Steve Crane, to explain why she rushed so impulsively into a union she knew from the start couldn't be happy. But, just as Topping was an antidote to a heartache, both Shaw and Crane had the misfortune to be married to Lana before she had really grown up, while she was still living in that 'make-believe' world she had spoken of.

Of that long ago first marriage to Artie Shaw when she was just a girl, the less remembered the better. Lana was just starting out in her career and also in her love life. I've always thought she was more impressed with Artie's fame as a musician and his highly touted 'culture' than she ever was with him as a human being. She was flattered by his attention in the beginning—and that's about all. She has said, "When I eloped with Artie it was like running away with a stranger I had just read about."

Cheryl's father

Shaw did very little to become more than just a stranger in her life. His main concern seemed to be to improve the mind of his new bride—a little habit he carried

over to his next wife, Ava Gardner.

Husband Number Two, Steve Crane, was something else again. A handsome and sympathetic young man, he was far more in love with Lana than she with him. He was devoted and tender with her and out of this union came great happiness when Lana's only child was born, their daughter Cheryl. To this day—and all through the shattering nightmare of Cheryl's tragedy, Lana and Steve have remained friends.

As for Lex Barker, that typical matinee idol who became Lana's third husband, this was another romance that Lana built out of all proportion to reality. Lex was not, and is not, a temperamental person nor a mean one.

But he was a typical actor on the make for stardom, involved to the hilt in his own career, looking and acting the role of the movie idol away from the camera as well as in front of it. Lana and Lex were bound to break up. There was nothing substantial to hold them together.

No, Lana has never had a man in her life like Fred May—removed from her world of show business, substantial, not blinded by her glittering fame as a movie queen.

Not too long ago Lana had told me, over the telephone, before we met for this more detailed talk. "From here on, I want the quiet life. I've had the headlines, the heartaches and the hectic pace. I want peace of mind and the solid things. I want this more than anything else in life. I want to understand people—as I pray they will understand me."

This is no idle talk on her part. Everything about Lana's 'new' life bears out this philosophy. Even to the house she lives in. No longer does she live in a typical movie-star mansion manned by a staff of servants and costing a small fortune to maintain, the way she lived with Lex.

"As soon as you can, I want you to come up and see my 'happy' house," said Lana continuing our interview. "It's not a big place. It's atop a mountain, each window looking out on the most beautiful view of all of Los Angeles. I suppose you would describe it as Hawaiian in design, all on one floor, and there's not a room the sunshine doesn't pour into many hours of each day. I was so glad when Cheryl said the same thing I had thought about the place—it is a happy house."

Of her daughter growing tall and mature and beautiful and getting such fine marks in high school, Lana speaks with the most touching devotion.

She said with such pride in her voice, "Cheryl and I are closer today than we have ever been. Our troubles have brought us closer together. Tragedy either brings on a complete estrangement between the people involved—or else it brings you into each other's arms. Thank God, with us, it has been the latter."

"I don't suppose I ever really had to come into Cheryl's arms," Lana went on. "We have always loved each other very much. But somehow my concern for her after the tragedy and hers for me, has made us more conscious of this love."

Cheryl continues to live with Lana's mother, Mrs. Mildred Turner, under the terms imposed by the Juvenile Court authorities. But she is free to come and see Lana whenever she wishes and Lana is free to visit her. A few weeks ago, Cheryl was ill with the flu and as her grandmother had to be out of town for a few days, Lana brought Cheryl back to her home and nursed her back to health.

She said, "I can't tell you how precious those days of closeness were to both of us."

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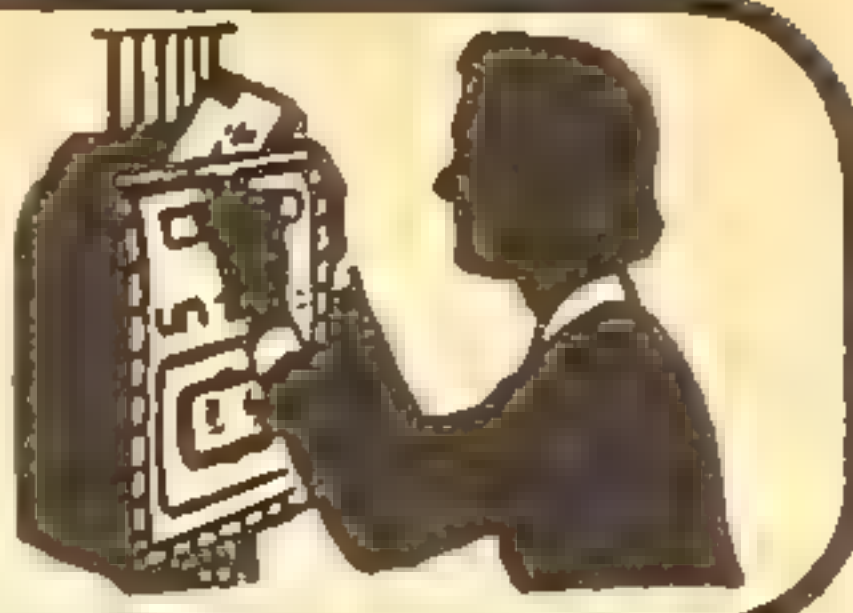
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is winging again. She agreed with me when I mentioned it. "I seem to have hit another peak, and I'm grateful indeed." She admitted she really hadn't known what would happen when she signed for *Imitation of Life* at U-I, her first movie following the tragedy.

"Thank heavens, *Imitation of Life* won me a new place in the sun. When I first hit the big time at MGM those many years ago, those golden years of first stardom, I thought nothing could ever again be so exciting in my career.

"But there is excitement and interest and intensity in these days, too," Lana said. "Again, I feel I must keep building. I have implicit faith in Ross Hunter, who produced *Imitation*. That is why I am so glad to do this second picture for him, *Portrait in Black*. I just hope *Portrait* will be as good. I just have to pray that it will be—and not worry. I can't afford to make a bad picture."

Now it was growing late in the evening, and time for Lana to leave. She was meeting Fred at her home and they were going

on to dinner from her 'happy' house.

"Why don't you buy that place and make it your honeymoon house?" I laughed as we tarried at the doorway.

"I'd buy it in a minute if the owners would sell it," she said. "But I'm afraid they love it too much to give it up. Anyway, when I got rid of that mansion Lex and I lived in I swore I'd never own another house."

"Not even a honeymoon house?" I repeated. She laughingly refused to rise to that bait.

"I'm going to bring him to see you," she repeated. "Fred wanted to come today—but I thought another time might be better. You and I always talk 'girl talk.'"

And as I watched her leave, I thought to myself how much I wanted to meet this man who sounds so right for Lana. I've known all the men in her life—and if you ask me—this sounds very much like the one.

END

Lana stars in *PORTRAIT IN BLACK*, 20th-Fox.

Should I Go Steady?

YES

(Continued from page 42)

In *This Song*, which later became my first record for MGM.

Between steady girls, I always felt frustrated, always overate. So maybe I'm the type who should go steady and keep thin!

Anyway, going steady is okay, if you don't let it frustrate you when the romance collapses. And at my age, eighteen, they usually do.

Neil Sedaka: There's nothing wrong with going steady. I usually went steady every summer, at camp, and the romance always ended in tender promises to write each other. Then we'd forget each other.

I always enjoyed a summer better because I went steady. Summer romances are good because they prepare you for the real big romance that usually comes later in life. They teach you to be considerate of the other person, to be attentive, to be sensitive to the other's needs, to share.

I rarely go steady during the winter because then I'm too busy with school and my songwriting and singing jobs. But, oh, those summers!

Rod Lauren: I'm steady dating a girl in Fresno, California, and I met her last summer in a swimming pool, introduced by a mutual friend. She's still in high school, and I'm in Hollywood or on the road mostly; but I'm not seeing any other girl.

Now about steady dating, it's a funny deal. When a boy and a girl go steady, they get tied up with each other, and that's bad. They don't get a chance to enjoy all the school activities because they get jealous of each other and that spoils the fun. It's better to meet other boys and girls, and have fun. It's better to be able to meet other kids without feeling you're betraying your steady.

It's okay to go steady only if you can still see others and be part of the crowd. As for me, I've told my steady to see other boys, and she says I can see other girls; but I admit I haven't felt like seeing other girls.

Dion, of Dion and the Belmonts: My parents think I'm too young for marriage, and I agree with them. I've told them I don't intend to marry now or in the near future. I've got a career to worry about.

But that doesn't mean I'm against steady dating. I've gone steady myself, and en-

joyed it. But I admit I've also liked the periods when I was not steady dating. When I was steady dating, I liked the idea of having the girl available for dating when I felt like it. But, sometimes, when she came around, I was sort of bored. Still, I don't see any harm in it.

Everybody to his taste, I say.

MAYBE

(Continued from page 43)

holidays by someone who's really special.

The disadvantages include: It limits your meeting other people and enjoying their company. It can create many emotional problems. It seems to cause parents undue worry because they fear your going steady may curtail your interest in getting a good education, etc.

Speaking for myself, going steady would not be the wise thing to do now, because of my career. I feel that it is up to you, and you alone, to make this decision.

NO

(Continued from page 43)

Paul Anka: I went steady only once when I was still living in my home town, Ottawa, Canada. I gave her my class ring and she wore it on a string around her neck.

She was planning marriage for us for five years later.

Personally, I am not in favor of steady dating for young fellows. The girls want to know where you are and they write your name all over their books, and everybody knows it. They're always calling you on the phone, wanting to know what you're doing and what you are going to do next. You can't get any work done.

The girls are always chasing you, and you just can't stop them. I don't think of marriage. I'm too young. I want to stay single for a long time.

Kimm Charney: I'm only fourteen. I won't be fifteen until August 2nd, and I'm no expert on steady dating. In fact, I haven't started to date yet. When I go out, it's with a bunch of fellows in the neighborhood and we go to each other's house, where we often meet bunches of girls, and we sit around and joke and spin the new records.

I'm too young to even think of steady dating, although I admit some fellows my age are already going steady. It seems to me steady dating is too serious to think about when you're fourteen or fifteen. I'm talking about the fellows. Girls are different; they seem to like going steady at an early age.

Andy Williams: I've dated, and I'm dating now, but I never went in for steady dating.

I see value in going steady: learning how to get along with the opposite sex, learning how to fit in with the moods of somebody you see often, learning to hold back jealousy, learning how to communicate without saying a word, learning how to anticipate another's wishes. It's the closest you can get to marriage without a formal engagement. It's a sort of practice run for the real big romance that leads to marriage. It's okay for teenagers, if they don't take it too seriously . . . but as I said, it's not for me.

Johnny Restivo: I'm not much for steady dating. I'm shy, and not too talkative, and I don't like a girl to be loud, so the girl has to start the conversation.

I had my eye on a beautiful blonde girl I met on the beach, but when my career with RCA Victor started, I agreed with my dad and managers that I shouldn't date any girl steady. So I stopped seeing this girl.

Since my career picked up, I have had only a few dates with girls I already knew. I'm being cautious about girls. My dad says I ought to watch out for girls who get you into trouble, who maneuver into a position to blackmail you. He says I should never get too serious with a girl at my age, sixteen. I'm sure he's right.

Johnny Mathis: I've never really steady dated. Sure, there was one chick who always wanted me to be her close friend; but she lived differently and talked differently than I expected. We became half romantic, after we decided we could not really make it romantic. Then she decided we should be close friends, anyway; but it did not work out.

I'm not the type to go steady. I can't stand having any one person around me all the time. When I marry, this may be a problem.

Six months is the most I ever knew one girl, and it annoyed me when everybody took it for granted we were engaged. So I ended that 'engagement' quickly!

Dick Roman: I've never gone steady and I've never been engaged, and if I can help it, I don't intend to go steady in the near future.

I've gone out with Millie Perkins, Molly Bee and Jill Corey when I was in Hollywood, and I've dated plenty of young singers in New York, my home town—but nothing steady. I want to get my career set first.

I'm twenty-two, and don't want to get married until I'm twenty-seven or twenty-eight. I want to have career security before I add to my problems by marrying. Remember, I'm not against romance. I'm just suspicious of steady dating. I feel it sort of sneaks you into marriage and when you snap out of your happy daze, you're a married man! I don't feel I'm good marriage material yet, and don't want to be sneaked into marriage.

Bobby Darin: I've gone steady, but each time the romance turned out to be wrong and I was glad to get out when I did. Going steady just didn't work out for me.

When I was a teenager I always had a lot of freedom at home and I like to follow my impulses—so strict steady dating always made me nervous. In fact, I hope to do the same things when married as I do now that I'm single—which means I'll need a very understanding wife.

My dating a lot gave me a chance to learn a lot about girls, and I know what is the best in girls, and I've enjoyed finding out what makes a girl happy. For me, informal dating has been more fun than steady dating.

Elvis Presley: I like girls, and I've dated many girls, but I guess I travel too much to ever steady date. I've been on the road almost continuously since I was eighteen, and I'm twenty-five now, so how could I ever steady date with anybody?

Of course, when I was in Germany with the U. S. Army, I could have steady dated. But, although I did date certain girls several times, I did not really consider myself going steady with any one.

I guess I'll marry late in life. I'm just too busy now. My Army buddies kid me that I'll be fifty before I marry, and maybe they're right.

Danny Valentino: I never went out much. Shy, I guess. Besides, I was always so busy practicing up on my music: drums, xylophone, singing. Since finishing my first year at Hofstra College in Hempstead, Long Island, I've been appearing nightly at a night club in East Rockaway and going into New York for recording sessions and to see my manager.

I have no time to date, and I wouldn't even consider steady dating. That just doesn't fit in with my life, at the moment. As for marriage, I don't want even to think about it now. Let the other guys go steady; not me. I've got too much to do before I'll let myself concentrate on one girl. It wouldn't be fair to let myself tie a girl down when I have so little to offer her now.

Johnny Nash: Steady dating? Not me!

I know lots of fellows who go steady only because most of the girls they know are booked solid and they're scared there will be no girls left.

I think most fellows my age, eighteen, don't know their own minds yet about girls. Girls are still too mysterious for us, and there's so much we ought to know before we try steady dating. I'd like to date more girls before I feel secure enough to concentrate on one.

Michael Callan: When I was a teenager I went steady with a girl who worked in shows with me; but we broke up and now she's married and we won't have to waste any more time wondering if we had made a mistake. We're friends now, and I know her husband. Before that, I went steady with another girl, after she broke up her engagement to another fellow. Then I got engaged to the second girl, and we'd fight. It was quite complicated, too complicated for me.

So now I'm not steady dating anybody. I just date. Sometimes I double date with Tommy Sands or Steve Rowland. Since I don't want to get serious with any girl, the best thing to do is not go steady.

Bobby Rydell: Going steady is for the birds! For teenagers, that is. I don't want to sound harsh, but how can a guy, or a gal, ever really know whether his steady is the right person if he hasn't played the field first?

I read in a magazine article the other day that one out of three marriages end in divorce—and that, of these divorces, over fifty per cent are teenage marriages. Boy! . . . That really makes you think, doesn't it?

I'm for free-lance dating for teenagers.

Frankie Avalon: I do not feel that boys and girls, especially in their early teens, should go steady.

This is the time in life when we have a chance to meet lots of people and get to know what makes them tick, so that when we reach maturity we'll have some idea what type of person we want as our partner in life.

To me, the teens are our best learning years, and I feel we should not hinder ourselves by limiting our activities by going steady.

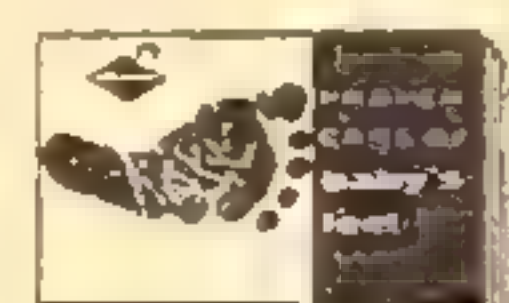
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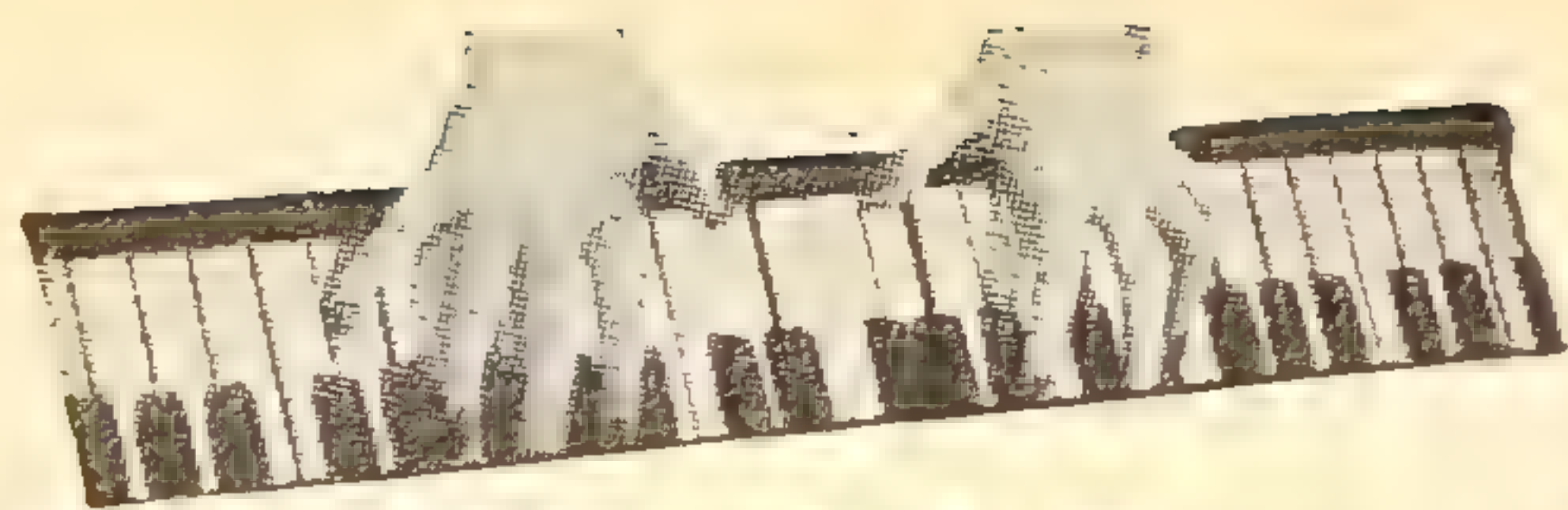
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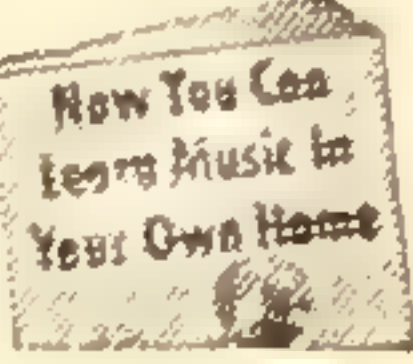


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The Nice Girl

(Continued from page 28)

such a surprise, Diane," she said. "Such a wonderful surprise."

She drew back her head, suddenly. "Darling, there's nothing wrong, is there?" she asked.

Diane forced a smile. "Of course not, Mother," she said. She shook her head. "I was just lonesome," she said, "and I missed you all and . . . well, I still had the money I'd saved and I decided to come back. That's all. There's nothing wrong."

"Well," her mother said, taking her hand now, "you just come inside and I'll go upstairs and wake up Daddy and the girls and we'll all—"

"No, Mom," Diane said, interrupting her, "don't wake them. Not now. It's so late. . . I'd rather you didn't wake them."

Her mother looked at her, then shrugged. "Well then," she said, "you just come inside and I'll turn off the TV and you'll talk to me at least. It's been a long time, Diane. Six months. And New York's a far away place, three thousand miles from California. And you haven't exactly written us every week, you know." She laughed again. "Come on," she said, "and tell me all about it. . . ."

Life in the big city

"Has it been fun, Diane?" she asked, when they were seated on the couch.

"Yes, Mom, it's been great fun," she said. She tried to be very airy about this, very gay. "It's a little harder in New York than I thought. But I've been taking my acting lessons, and I've been modeling. I made three-hundred dollars on my last job alone, Mom—three hundred dollars. And I wrote you I was moving. . . . Well, this new apartment is divine. It's on Riverside Drive, looking out on the Hudson River, the river down below and the New Jersey Palisades on the other side—you know, and there are four other girls, airplane stewardesses, real swell girls. And between the five of us girls there are fellows over all the time. And I go out quite a bit, to restaurants for dinner, to movies on Broadway, to the theater—the theater! It's fabulous in New York, Mom, just like everybody says. Golly, I don't know how many plays I've seen since I've been there."

She stood up, suddenly, and ran over to the suitcase she'd brought in with her.

"I nearly forgot," she said, opening the suitcase. "I brought something home. Something I want you to hear."

She pulled an L-P out from under some clothing and held it up.

"What's that, Diane?" her mother asked, squinting a little.

"A record, the whole musical score from one of the shows I saw," Diane said. "It's got a song in it I want you to hear . . . It's kind of special."

She walked towards the phonograph, in a corner of the room.

She placed the record on the turntable.

A voice, Ethel Merman's, began to sing.

"Gee, but it's great to be here! . . ."

"I bought this," Diane said, looking over at her mother, "because the words in this song—they say what I feel."

She smiled again, and threw out her arms, musical-comedy style, and she began to sing along with the record.

"Gee, but it's great to be here!" she sang.

"Gee, but it's great to be—"

Suddenly, she lowered her head. And she stopped singing. And she began to cry.

"Oh Mom, oh Mom," she sobbed, rushing back to the couch.

"Diane," her mother asked, taking her

hand, "what is wrong? What is wrong, honey?"

Failure

"Mom," Diane said, "I've been lying to you. I've been happy in New York in one way—yes. But when I think of all the hurt I caused you and Daddy, when I left, running off like that . . . When I think that, fun or no fun, I really did the wrong thing in hurting you—when I realize this. . . ."

"Diane," her mother started to say, "what's past is past. Over . . . You shouldn't get upset this way."

"But, Mom, I ran out on you and Dad," Diane said. "I thought I was going to prove so much by doing what I wanted to do. And all I've proved is that . . . that I've taken some acting lessons and—"

The tears came rolling down her cheeks now.

"And," she said, "—that I'm such a failure . . . As a daughter."

Her mother squeezed her hand. "Now you can talk and talk, Diane, and get whatever you want out of your system, and I'll listen to you," Mrs. Baker said, gently. "—But don't let me hear you saying bad things about yourself."

"I'm not much good," Diane said. "I'm not."

Again, her mother squeezed her hand.

"You are," she said. "You're a good girl, a good daughter. And we're all very proud of you, always, no matter what. You should know that. . . ."

"Now really," her mother went on, after clearing her throat and letting go of her daughter's hand, "what's all this fuss about, anyway, Diane? You went to New York and you made a mistake by doing that? Well, you were trying to do the right thing."

Diane said nothing.

"A person makes mistakes, I always say, and that person learns by those mistakes," her mother said. "You've made mistakes before in your lifetime, haven't you? And learned by them."

She stopped, and she took a deep breath.

"You're tired, Diane," she said, suddenly. "And you must be hungry after that long trip . . . Can I go inside and make you some tea?"

Diane nodded.

"Yes, some hot tea," her mother said, getting up. "A cup for you, and a cup for me. It'll set nice with us both, and make us both feel better."

And, with that, she left the room.

And Diane, sitting there alone now, wiped some of the tears from her face. And, as she did, she thought of what her mother had said to her a few minutes back:

"You've made mistakes before in your life, haven't you? And learned by them."

Diane remembered now.

Such a nice girl . . .

She was fifteen, a sophomore in high school. She was a popular girl. She went around with a group of girls whom she liked, and who liked her. Except that one day Diane realized that this group was more-than-a-little on the snobbish side, that they made a point of 'outlawing' girls of any religion different from theirs, girls whose fathers didn't earn as much as theirs, girls who just weren't quite up to standard.

Diane objected to this one day.

But she didn't get very far in her objection.

"Oh, Diane," the other girls started to say, "you're such a nice girl—so gosh-darned nice—"

The sarcasm in their voices wasn't lost on her.

Diane knew she was being made fun of. She didn't like being made fun of. And

so she said no more about this to them.

Now it happened that a few weeks after this incident, Diane was chosen to represent her school's YWCA chapter at a two-week international convention at a camp called Asilomar, in Monterey, a few hundred miles away.

At Asilomar, Diane found herself rooming in a large barrack with some forty other girls, girls from all over the world: Negro girls, blonde-haired, girls with almond-shaped eyes; rich girls, poor girls: all sorts of girls.

"They're such a terrific group," she wrote home one day. "and we're having the best time. We swim and hike and play croquet and checkers and things. And we go to Chapel every night right after supper and then all sit and talk about better understanding among the people of the world. And it's so interesting and wonderful I hope it never ends."

The two weeks passed quickly, however. And finally one night, the night before all the girls were to say good-bye to one another and leave for their homes, a last service, candle-lit and beautiful, was held in the Chapel.

And it was after this service that a truth,

She looked up at the plaque and tried to make out the words that were carved on it.

From a Sermon of John Donne, 1624, she read. And then she read the words below:

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main.

Diane read the words again, and again. And, finally, she sat and she looked out at the water, the ocean, dark and endless.

And, thinking about the words she had just read, she said to herself: "That's it— isn't it? That's what I've learned here, being with all these girls, girls from all corners of the world—girls of different colorings, religions, backgrounds—was that people can live together, get along together, love one another, if only they try—that none of us can live alone, either individually or in cliques, and exist as islands, entire of ourselves?"

She could feel her face flush as the word cliques repeated in her mind.

She remembered her group back home, the cliquishness of it, how she had once objected mildly to this cliquishness, how she'd kept silent about the matter after she'd been called "nice girl—oh so nice girl."

"Well," Diane murmured to herself now. "I was wrong. I made a mistake not talking up. I made a terrible mistake acting so weak, so cowardly . . . But I tell you this. That come tomorrow and I'm back home I'm—I'm going to have a talk with every girlfriend of mine and tell them exactly what I think about their attitudes. And no matter what they call me—let them call me anything they want—I'm going to tell them about Asilomar. About girls living together the way we did here. About the complete absence of any kind of prejudice here. About the real good friends we all became here . . . Yes sir. I'm going to tell them all about it. Exactly what I should have said that other time!"

And she nodded.

As she nodded now, this night years later, remembering her thoughts on that bench that night—remembering, too, her mother's questions, the questions that had prompted all this:

"You've made mistakes before in your life, Diane, haven't you? And learned by those mistakes, too—didn't you?"

"But this mistake, this mistake," Diane asked herself, suddenly. "—have I learned anything from this? Running off and going to New York, leaving my home, my family, the life I knew. Running out on everything. My home, my family . . . Denny."

She closed her eyes as the name came to her mind.

Denny—so tall, so handsome, so good, so loving.

Denny—so concerned that night, six long months ago, when they'd sat together at the hamburger joint, over a couple of cups of coffee, and Diane had told him she'd decided to go away.

"How long have we been going together?" Denny had asked after he'd heard the news.

"Four years, going on five," Diane had said.

"And in that time," Denny had asked, "have I ever told you you were doing the wrong thing? About something big? Something important?"

"I guess not," Diane had said.

"Well I'm telling you now, that you're doing the wrong thing, and about a big thing," he'd said. "Why, Diane, just tell me why in the world do you have to go to New York?"

"Because, Denny," she'd said, "for the tenth time—I want to be an actress. And to be a good actress you've got to have training on the stage. And there are very

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a revelation of a kind, came to Diane.

Too sad to join the other girls in a farewell meeting at the main hall of the camp, she went off alone that night, down to the beach, to walk, and to pray again—privately this time.

She prayed, first, that each of the girls would have a safe journey home. "They'll be traveling all different ways, to all different places . . . So please keep the skies clear and the oceans calm and, please, keep the railroad engineers and bus-drivers wide awake."

Next she prayed that two of the girls—"Babette, from France, with her terrible cold from too much swimming; and Yukiko, from Japan, with that swelling on her big left toe from the crab that bit it"—recover, quickly.

And then she prayed for herself.

"Please," she said, "from all that I have experienced here I know that there is something I should have learned, something to keep with me for the rest of my life—but honestly, honestly, I don't know what that is exactly. And if You could just—"

It was at this point that Diane stopped as she noticed, ahead of her, a bench, right there, in the middle of the beach—and a wooden plaque behind the bench.

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few stages around here, and lots of them in New York. New York, Denny, that's where the breaks are. That's where I want to go to get my chance."

"And you think it'll be easy there?" Denny had asked.

"I do."

"Do you think it's going to be the same as the last time you were there, last year? A celebrity. A princess. One of the Miss Rheingold finalists, living in the fancy Ambassador Hotel, with lots of pampering, nothing to pay for, nothing to do but stand around and look pretty?"

"Not exactly, no," Diane had said. "But New York, big as it is, happens to be a wonderfully warm and big-hearted town. I know, Denny. I've been there, happy there. And I'm sure I'll be happy there again. And no, no, I don't think I'm making any mistake, or doing anything wrong. And I'm going, Denny," she'd said. "I am going!"

She opened her eyes now, as her mother re-entered the living room, carrying a tray and tea.

"Feeling better?" Mrs. Baker asked her daughter, as she walked towards the couch.

"A little," Diane said.

"Well, take my word, a few tastes of this magnificent brew of mine and you'll be feeling lots better," Mrs. Baker said, laying down the tray, pouring the tea.

She handed a cup to Diane.

"You still look so serious . . . and pale, darling," Mrs. Baker said, after a little while. "What've you been thinking?"

"Just now, about New York again," Diane said. "About the mistake that it was. About how tired I am of making mistakes. About—"

"Yes?" her mother asked.

"About how I'm going to rectify this mistake, Mom," Diane said. She brought her cup up to her lips. Her hand trembled a little, as she did. She took a sip of her tea. "I've decided to give up the whole acting thing," she said then. "It's no good for me. I'm going to give it up."

"Now wait a minute—" her mother started.

"Give it up," Diane interrupted, softly, "forget about it. And stay here, at home, where I belong. With you. With daddy. The girls. Denny."

"Now wait a minute," Mrs. Baker repeated, more sharply this time. "Staying at home. Yes. That's fine, Diane. But giving up your acting, your ambitions, all those dreams you used to have as a little girl. That, Diane, that I don't like."

"Look," she went on, "I said it before, and I'll say it again. You made a mistake? You learned something from it? Fine. That's what mistakes are for."

"But to become defeated by a mistake?" She shook her head. "No. No. That's no good. And I, as your mother, won't hear of it. Not from any daughter of mine!"

"Now listen," she said. "Sherman Oaks here isn't so very far from Hollywood, is it? And in Hollywood they've got the biggest movie studios in the world, don't they?"

And all sorts of producers on the watch for talent? And agents? And drama schools? And everything you could want?

"Well," she said, "in a couple of weeks, after you've had a nice rest, after you've gotten to know your family again, gotten to know your Denny again, you hie on down to that town called Hollywood and you might just be surprised to find it waiting for you. Right here!"

"How about it, Diane," her mother asked, "—does that sound reasonable to you?"

"Yes, Mama," she said. "Yes."

Mrs. Baker sighed.

"And Diane, Diane," she said, "please don't go crying again now, with that cup up there in front of your face. . . . It's sugar you're supposed to put in your tea. Not salt."

And after she'd said that, they both looked at one another and began to smile —Diane through her tears, Mrs. Baker through a few tears of her own. . . . **END**

Editor's Note: Within a year after this evening, Diane Baker, who'd since enrolled in a drama class with coach Estelle Harman, was spotted by a talent scout, given a test at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios and signed to play the role of Margot in *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Following this came star billing in *The Best of Everything* and the just-released *Journey To The Center Of The Earth*, with Pat Boone and James Mason. The word around Fox is that this is only the beginning . . . It couldn't happen to a nicer girl!

"I Never Feel Sure About My Marriage"

(Continued from page 37)

having won this borrowed-from-kids race.

Then, surrounded by press agents, managers, and a swarm of fans, they went back to the hotel to dress for dinner. Even though the afternoon had been busy and they had been surrounded by strangers all day, Pat didn't mind, because this evening they were going to have a quiet dinner with two friends, a couple from Hollywood who were coming down especially for the race.

When they were alone at the hotel Shirley told Pat the bad news. Their friends wouldn't be joining them.

"Nobody sick, is there?" Pat asked worriedly.

Shirley shook her head. Then she took a deep breath and told him. Their friends were getting a divorce. As swiftly and as suddenly as that.

"But everything was fine when we left," Pat said in amazement. "He'd finished his picture and they were coming down here to have some fun with us. I just can't believe it."

"I didn't want to tell you before," Shirley said. "I didn't want to spoil winning the race for you, darling."

Pat gave her a grateful kiss. Then, shaking his head in disbelief, he repeated: "I still can't believe it."

But the newspapers they glimpsed on the way out to dinner confirmed the sad story, in glaring headlines, of another "idyllic" Hollywood marriage that had hit the rocks. They had dinner alone at a small, dimly lit, romantic restaurant. Trying to forget, for a few hours, the unhappiness of their friends, they joked, held hands and whispered to each other as if the years had rolled away.

"Pat," Shirley said, "I'm so glad we came. Even if it is only a weekend."

Pat grinned and squeezed her hand. But, he couldn't get his mind off his friends' divorce . . . They'd had plenty of money . . .

fame, too . . . and yet, in the midst of the terrific pressures of the life of fame that stars in Hollywood lead, something had gone wrong with their marriage . . . it was too easy to throw stones at people for this, Pat knew . . . most people see only the bright, glittering exterior, not the day to day tug-of-war which anyone has who wants to remain a simple human being in the middle of the most glamorous life in the world. And one thing Pat was sure of: *that the only kind of person who could keep a marriage alive, was a simple, human kind. . . .*

Be vigilant, always

"Penny for your thoughts," Shirley was saying.

"Oh, I was thinking; wondering how many stars will be taking that sad divorce road this coming year. It's kind of a sobering thought."

"I was thinking kind of the same thing," she replied sympathetically.

"Remember that magazine reporter in the hotel this morning?" Pat said. "Well, he asked me: 'Pat, with things the way they are in Hollywood, why are you so certain of your marriage?' . . . I said, 'I'm not!' Boy, did he jump. But then I told him what I really believe: As soon as you're sure, you're in danger." Pat glanced at Shirley to see her reaction to this.

"I think you're right, Pat," she said.

Good news for Pat Boone fans. On March 1, his best-selling book, "Twixt Twelve and Twenty" will come within allowance range. After selling close to half a million copies at \$2.95 per, it's being published in a paperback edition priced at just 35¢!

Pat laughed. "I figured and hoped you would. After all, I've always called you the pessimist of the family."

"I'm not," Shirley rebelled, "I'm just a realist. That's an important difference. If more people in Hollywood were my kind of realists, things might turn out a lot better for some of them. I've done a lot of thinking about it. So often you see a young couple come to Hollywood. They're happy with each other and all's well. Then the guy makes it . . . makes it big. There are a million demands on him, on his time, on his mind and feelings. It's not easy to keep things on an even keel any more."

"When they were struggling, they never knew where the next pork chop was coming from; and they had fun just watering the lawn, or window shopping. Now, when things are big, the people change . . . and somehow nothing's fun any more. It's not simple to insure yourself against that. That's why it's best to be a realist before that happens."

"I know what you mean, honey," Pat said, slipping her arm through his. "You've got to be vigilant, always . . . you've got to safeguard your marriage."

He sighed and it was a sigh of double meaning. It was full of happiness and also tinged with sadness . . . sadness for all those who, like his friends and all other unhappy stars, couldn't make it . . . who couldn't hold on to each other in the stormy seas of Hollywood marriage . . . and for all those who, in the coming year, would be dragged away from each other by the relentless undertow of success and stardom. . . .

He thought then of the people, all over America, who loved these stars and wished them well. He wished there was some way he could tell them about the problems, the difficulties of being a star, as well as just a human being . . . and ask them to have patience and compassion. . . .

Probably, Pat Boone thought, if I had that chance I could only say to all of them: "Please try to understand. That's all . . . Before you ever judge or condemn . . . try to understand!"

Pat stars in *JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH*, 20th-Fox.

Debbie Reynolds: Frustration

(Continued from page 21)

survive on any less. I do some dating on the weekend, when I don't have to work. But, sometimes I'd just as soon go out with friends, as I went to the Dean Martin testimonial dinner with the Buddy Adlers. It's comfortable to go out with old friends, and then I can leave and go home any time I want.

"Even though my life has no romance, I'm not without love. I have a great deal of love in my life. The love of my children. When you have two young children like mine, your house is full of love and there is plenty to do, just picking up after them.

"I also have the love of my family and of my friends. I have friends I have known for years and years, and I can't say merely that I like them. They are so close to me that I love them."

Millionaires and a gas station attendant

But what about recurrent rumors of new romances for Debbie? One columnist even boldly predicted that she would become the new Mrs. Harry Karl as soon as he was free of Joan Cohn. Debbie laughed over that one.

"I don't even date him now," she said. "I don't believe in dating someone who is not free of his marriage. When he is divorced, I'll probably go out with him again. Harry is one of the nicest people I know; he's kind and generous and has done a great deal of good for many persons. But there's no question of a romance."

Nor is there any romantic attachment involved in her dates with Bob Neal, she said. "I've known Robert for nine years—almost since I started in the business," she explained. "We have fun on a date and we're excellent friends. That's all."

The same goes for Leon Tyler, she added. He is an old buddy and they like to go dancing together—when she isn't tied up in a picture and he isn't working at his father's gas station. It somehow seemed quite like Debbie to number as her dates two millionaires and an actor who pumps gas in a service station.

I asked her if she shared Kim Novak's complaint about the scarcity of males in Hollywood. For that and other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie said. "You have a more stable community there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are fewer men, and many of those lack stability.

"But the lack of eligible males doesn't concern me right now. And I'm different from Kim, anyway. When I go home after work, my two children are there, and the house is lively and full of love. There's no chance to be lonely.

"When you work all day and then go home to an empty house, it can be awfully lonely. No matter how many servants you have, it's still a lonely house."

She conceded that in Hollywood her dates are likely to be actors, and she's not so sure that is a good idea.

"I think it's a good idea to date men who are in the industry or understand it," she said. "It's a lot easier when they know what you have to face. A lot of men wouldn't understand when you said you had to leave the party at ten because you had to work the next day. Or they would resent it when you stopped to talk to fans in a public place.

"But though I feel an actress needs a man who understands her problems, I'm not so sure of the actor-actress relationship. There is bound to be some competi-

tion present; and that's bad for a marriage.

"In some cases, the actor-actress relationship has worked. Take Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis. They had their problems, but they have worked them out and they're very happy together. But one of the main reasons is that Janet has subordinated her career to Tony's. She doesn't make many pictures any more. That's the way most marriages of actors and actresses succeed."

Filling the vacuum in her life

But isn't it difficult for an actress to loosen her grip on a career she has fought so hard for?

"It wasn't for me," Debbie replied. "I did it when I was married to Eddie. I made only three pictures in a three-year period. I didn't mind. I felt my home and family were more important."

The bust-up with Eddie changed all that. She is devoted to her children and spends more time with them than many working mothers. But the vacuum in her life caused by the end of her marriage has been filled by work, work and more work.

Debbie has been on a schedule that would make a stevedore tired. She has gone from one picture to another with scarcely a day off between. *Say One for Me . . . It Started with a Kiss . . . The Gazebo . . . The Rat Race . . . The Pleasure of His Company . . .* All of them big, important pictures. All of them hard work for Debbie.

"The only thing that saved me was going to Hawaii for a month," she said. "I took all my family along, so I could really rest; I wouldn't be able to relax if they were back here. I slept most of the time. I got up late, sat on the beach and then took a nap with the children. I was back in bed by nine o'clock at night."

Besides making movies, Debbie has served as president of The Thelians, the charity organization of young people of Hollywood.

"It has been a big job, but well worth it," she said. "We put on two big dinners this year. Our last one raised \$100,000. Deducting expenses, that means \$80,000 will go toward helping mentally disturbed children."

Debbie is no mere figurehead in the organization. She pitches right in and helps with plans and projects, playing a major part in the entertainment at the dinners. She is not a girl to do anything half-way, and that helps to explain the tremendous leaps her career has taken.

Until recently, she has been tied to MGM, for whom she has labored ten years. But now she has only one more picture to make for the old home lot and she will be her own master. She has the future well planned.

Already Debbie has made a dream deal for several films with Perlberg-Seaton, which will bring her a healthy salary, plus ten per cent of the gross income. That means for every dollar that comes into the box office, Debbie gets a dime. Only a dozen top stars in Hollywood can exact that kind of deal.

"Then I've got my own company, Harman Productions," she said. "It's named after my grandmother—it's my mother's maiden name and a lucky one. I've already bought a story that I'd like to do, and the company would make pictures that I didn't appear in, too.

"This doesn't mean that I'm going to blossom out as the girl producer. I'd be out of my head to try that. I'll hire a producer who knows what he's doing, and I'll sit in on the preparations. But I'm not going



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to worry about all the business matters. It doesn't appeal to me, and I don't think I'd be any good at it."

Marching to the bigtime

Harman Productions will also produce Debbie's TV spectaculars. That's the latest development in her march to the big-time. She signed a million-dollar deal to produce three specials for ABC in the next three years. As with the rest of her career, she is going about it with careful thought.

"I've been around TV shows (Eddie's) so it's not entirely new to me," she said. "I know that you can't get any quality unless you take pains. A lot of stars just throw together a show, collect the money and get out."

"I can't do that. I was schooled in movies done by craftsmen like Gene Kelly. Gene and Fred Astaire have pointed the way on how to do TV well. They take their time and rehearse until they get the quality they're looking for. I hope I can do the same. I plan to devote two months to preparations."

All this activity makes it sound as if Debbie is working herself to a frazzle. She admitted that the pace has been too great for her. And the untimely deaths of figures like Mario Lanza, Errol Flynn and Wayne Morris have given her pause.

"It made me stop and think," she said seriously. "Maybe this pace we lead has something to do with stars dying early. Perhaps it doesn't show up when you are young. But in later years the hectic life may take its toll."

"I like it here. I hope to be around for a long, long time. So I'm going to try to plan my career so I will have long periods between pictures when I can spend time with the children and get away from the frantic life."

I asked her if she wasn't worried about getting ulcers as girl president of a big production company.

"Me get ulcers? Never!" she said flatly. "Nor do I give them. There is nothing in the world important enough for that."

That gave me a chance to ask about the printed report that she had shut down the set of *The Rat Race* because of her arguments with the young director, Robert Mulligan.

"I don't know how that one got started," she said. "I've never closed a set in my life; I wouldn't know how to go about doing it or even if I could."

"Actually, the set was closed by Bill Perlberg, the producer, because I had a lot of dramatic work to do. Crying and all that. Dramatic stuff doesn't come easily to me; I'd much rather do comedy. I guess

Bill was trying to make things easier for me.

"I don't argue with directors. I might discuss things with them, but I always accept their judgment. Their job is to direct, mine is to act. If we have a difference of opinion, I'll do it their way. If the scene comes out badly, we'll do it over. If it's good, the picture is helped and I'll admit I was wrong."

Try as you may, you can't find a shred of neurosis in this girl. Her attitude is so deucedly normal that it's catching. She told of another actress on *The Rat Race* who was in a bit of a snit about something that had happened on the picture. Debbie stopped her ranting with this logic:

"Three days from now, you will have forgotten what you were so upset about. And if they push the bomb button, you won't have anything to remember, anyway."

Who knows? Maybe a level-headed girl like Debbie Reynolds can confound the experts and be able to live without the love of a man.

For a while, at least.

END

Debbie can be seen in *THE RAT RACE*, and *THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY*, both Paramount, and right now in *THE GAZEBO*, MGM.

Daddy's Pictures Always Say "I Love You"

(Continued from page 49)

most likely both—over which he can exclaim, "Gee, that will make a great picture!"

People who don't know us too well can and frequently do get the wrong idea. It is not very often that a visitor finds my husband in a vertical position. They are just as apt to encounter Tony on his back, hands and feet waving like an overturned beetle, crawling on all fours sneaking up on some deathless moment, hanging from the chandeliers or practically climbing up a wall.

I remember one time a flustered middle-aged woman was at the house on business, and I overheard her whisper to her husband, who had accompanied her:

"Good Lord, I would have thought he would be more dignified than that."

It's not that Tony lacks dignity, or even that he's in his second childhood. It's simply that he's exercising, with an exuberance that only he is capable of, the time-honored paternal privilege of enjoying the first childhood of his children.

I doubt that there is a mood or gesture either of our four-year-old daughter, Kelly Lee, or one-year-old Jamie that Tony has not captured on film. He's taken pictures from every conceivable position, and from many positions not previously conceived of—including shots that he's ricocheted off mirrors to be sure that the subjects were unaware that his camera was eavesdropping.

"Great shot, great shot . . ."

Wherever Tony and I go, the babies go, and wherever the babies go, Tony's cameras go, too. Kelly and Jamie are never safe from his image grabbers—whether peeking out of their carriages as infants, waking up from a sound sleep, raiding the candy jar, or being wheeled by me—as Kelly was—on the streets of Paris, London and Berlin, with Tony walking backwards, oblivious of the gaping crowds, and yelling like a crazy American tourist, "Great shot! Great shot!"

Yet in all the thousands upon thousands of pictures that Tony has taken of the chil-

dren I don't think there's a single stereotyped pose. In fact there just isn't anything posed. Pose is a dirty word to Tony. If a situation is stilted, artificial or prosaic he wouldn't think of contaminating his film with it.

Tony never takes a picture because it's a special occasion, a holiday, a birthday party or anything like that. He just takes pictures when it comes on him, and believe me, it comes on him often. With him, there's no such thing as blowing the dust off the cameras to photograph the children at six months, one year and eighteen months. He does it when the spirit moves him.

He hates it when I forget myself and say, "Tony, I think we ought to take some pictures because grandma and grandpa are here today," or if I have a similar lapse and remark, "Gee, this is the first day the sun's come out in a long time. Don't you think it would be nice to take pictures?"

Tony is absolutely insulted when I make a suggestion like that. He feels I should know better, and I do—when I think about it. Tony despises the idea of taking ordinary pictures. To him it isn't enough that he's taking pictures of Kelly and Jamie. Our little girls must be doing something he feels would be worth putting on film even if they weren't related to us. Long before all the quiz and 'payola' scandals, Tony never would think of taking a rigged picture.

If he's shooting Kelly and Jamie, what he tries to do is let them do what they're going to do anyhow. He shoots very fast. He may take thirty pictures in just a few minutes, and he catches wonderful expressions that way.

The exclusive pictures accompanying this story are examples of unforgettable moments Tony has preserved on film. This is the very first time he has allowed any of his pictures to be published. Tony never took them with anything like that in mind. But I feel they're so wonderful, that looking at them has brought us such pleasure, that it would be nice to share them.

I couldn't even begin to describe Tony's equipment. The only way I can take a pic-

ture is to push down a Brownie button. With Tony, it's a science—a challenge. He's always making sure of the lighting, taking readings on the light meter, figuring out composition. He's always spinning dials and making settings. He switches like a juggler from one camera to another, from his thirty-five millimeter to his Polaroid—for a fast sixty-second burst of enthusiasm or groan of disappointment—or the home movie camera. He's a real expert with his camera gear, but shall I tell you something?

I'm convinced that the real secret of Tony's gift for picture taking is that he photographs with his heart. He doesn't take pictures with film alone. He weaves some kind of magic with his love and enthusiasm. There isn't a picture he's ever taken of the children that doesn't have "I love you" written all over it. Every snapshot is a valentine from their daddy. Waves of mutual adoration go back and forth between them and somehow—not because of all the intricate gadgets, but in spite of them—that exquisite affection gets on film. All Tony's rejoicing in the children, all his tenderness for them is transmuted when Tony clicks the camera.

It simply would be impossible to say that any set of pictures are the five or ten best Tony has ever taken. But those published with this article certainly have those wonderful, intangible qualities that only so loving a father could imprison in the split second it takes for an insight into human personality to dart across a room.

Tony shot most of them week ends, afternoons at the pool or evenings in the house, while we were playing man and wife, of all things, in *Who Was That Lady?* If I may be pardoned a slight family bias, I think they're priceless.

Take that precious picture where Kelly is laughing so hard, so joyously, that she just can't contain herself. That's the shot in which she's got her little terrycloth robe over her sunsuit. Let's admit that Kelly is a ham—which she most assuredly is. Still, in a hundred years no one could purposely pose a picture like that. Of course while her daddy insists on spontaneity at all costs, he is not beyond inducing spontaneity. And if there's one thing Tony knows, it's where Kelly's funnybone is located. There's nothing in the world Tony enjoys more than the laughter of the

children, and there seems to be nothing they enjoy more than to have their daddy make them laugh.

When Tony took this particular picture, Kelly had been swimming all afternoon and she was awfully tired. But Tony is a big tease and he felt like playing with her. Pretty soon Kelly was laughing and laughing, and poor Tony was frantically flying off for the cameras. By the time he returned to the scene of the hilarity, Kelly was limp with exhaustion. She'd laughed herself dry. But Tony had no intention of letting that moment get away. He aimed his camera, made funny faces and kept threatening, "I'm gonna tickle you! I'm gonna tickle you!"

It doesn't take too much to give Kelly the giggles, anyhow. Pretty soon the giggles developed into rolling laughter. And with Tony goading her on, there was no stopping Kelly. She got to laughing so hard that she had to hold herself. She almost couldn't stand it. To Tony, who drinks of Kelly's laughter as nectar from the gods, this was something worth photographing.

Tony's assistant

There have been times, I must hasten to add, when Tony has been similarly moved by moods of the children, but has been unable to get them to sustain or turn on these moods again. Somehow, in many cases like that, I seem to wind up in the middle. When Tony is after a picture of the children he simply takes the impossible for granted. He's such a bug for trapping the unexpected that he sees no reason why I shouldn't be able to freeze spontaneity dead in its tracks until he can get film into the camera.

Jamie or Kelly might suddenly be doing something he'd like to photograph. He'll turn to me, and shout, "Hold that now! Hold that, Janet! Keep her there and don't let her change that expression!"

It's nice that Tony should credit me with such occult powers, but somehow I always let him down, and he never seems quite able to understand my mortal failings.

"Why did you let her move?" he asks, completely crushed. "I told you to keep her that way."

But if Tony seems a trifle unreasonable at such moments, I never really mind. It is such a small price to pay for the pictures that he doesn't miss, and that he'd never get if he wasn't just a little bit hysterical about the whole thing.

In another of the accompanying pictures, Tony caught Kelly as she took it into her pixie head to play with the little golf stool that Tony was using while convalescing from the injury to his leg. What he caught in that picture, which is so darling to both of us, is not merely Kelly in a playful mood, but the serenity, the wistfulness that is so much a part of her personality. And he took such sensitive advantage of the luminous light coming in through the windows that he had her emerge pictorially as she is in his heart—an angel.

In another moment that I think is perfectly breathtaking, Tony captured that absolutely divine image of Kelly cupping her face in her hands and being a positive riot of coyness. Her coyness was prompted by the fact that she was wearing her frilly baby-doll pajamas for the first time, and was showing them off for her daddy as she came down to say good night.

Weather willing—and it pretty nearly is the year round—I take little Jamie in the water almost every day I'm not working. She just loves it. She splashes, kicks and purrs. I'm sure she'll grow up to be a wonderful swimmer. Usually I don't even bother to put anything on Jamie when it's swim-time. One day, when I didn't realize Tony was home, I decided to show my little birthday-suit-girl how to float on her

back. As I started to put her in position, I heard a roar of approval from the sidelines.

"Wonderful!" Tony yelled as he dangled like a spider from a ladder rail and kept taking pictures. "Just beautiful, Janet. Beautiful!"

Considering how the pictures came out, I wouldn't even say that Tony was carried away with his enthusiasm.

Spontaneity—sometimes induced

Tony's own zest for living and his sensitivity to beauty are always the determining factors. The shot he took of Kelly going for that toy is, in my opinion, a cameo. I'd go so far as to say that another masterpiece of its kind was the picture Tony took of Kelly as she was poised to leap off the diving board. He caught the expression on her face so vividly as her little toes left the board that looking at the picture you practically can hear her counting off, "One—two—fee—jump!"

As you might know, Kelly doesn't always feel like sitting—or standing—still for daddy's hobby. It is during such spells of reluctance that Tony is forced to fall back on his induced spontaneity. Once when all other conditions were perfect but Kelly wasn't in the mood, Tony charmed her into cooperating by giving her a camera and saying, "All right, you take a picture of Daddy."

Sitting on the floor like a trading post Indian, Tony got this hauntingly lovely study of Kelly with the hall seeming to unreel behind her.

Most of Tony's pictures are gems, but as I mentioned before, sometimes even the master misses. I remember when Kelly was starting to walk. Oh, poor Tony was so anxious to get home movies of that. He was so excited! He went to such trouble to set up the whole thing in her room. The afternoon light spilling through the curtains was just right. As far as Tony was concerned, he couldn't ask for more ideal conditions under which to photograph this imperishable moment in Kelly's development.

Everything was under control—but Kelly. Not that she stopped walking the minute Tony trained the home movie camera on her. She walked a blue streak—only out of camera range, out of the light, and out of sight. Tony almost went out of his mind. He cooed and crooned to her. Ordinarily, she'd be spellbound at the sound of his blandishments. This time, wouldn't you know, she was aloof. She turned her back on Tony as if he wasn't in the room. She climbed up a chair. She did everything but get within camera range.

Tony waited and waited and waited, tried and tried and tried. Finally, he was so exasperated that he reached for his handkerchief and wiped his face. Somehow the sight of the kerchief as Tony mopped his furrowed brow intrigued Kelly and she made a beeline for him—right in camera range!

The trouble was that Tony was operating the handkerchief instead of the camera, and he never did get pictures of Kelly's first steps.

Tony, the Picture Taker, is not infallible, I grant. However, considering the pictures he has come up with, and considering that every last one of them is so fresh and natural and uncontrived, I'd venture that my husband has the smallest margin of error of any picture-taking father in captivity. And he has that rarest of talents—the ability to put "I love you" on film. **END**

Tony and Janet are seen in **WHO WAS THAT LADY?**, Columbia; Janet stars in **PSYCHO**, Paramount, and Tony in **THE RAT RACE**, Paramount, **SPARTACUS**, Universal-International.

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MARCH BIRTHDAYS

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David Niven

March 2—**Jennifer Jones**
Desi Arnaz

March 8—**Cyd Charisse**
Sean McClory

March 16—**Cornell Borchers**
Jerry Lewis

March 17—**Michael O'Shea**

March 18—**Marjorie Hellen**

March 19—**Louis Hayward**

March 20—**Wendell Corey**

March 22—**Karl Malden**

March 23—**Joan Crawford**

March 24—**Richard Conte**
Gene Nelson

March 26—**Sterling Hayden**

March 28—**Frank Lovejoy**

March 29—**Dennis O'Keefe**

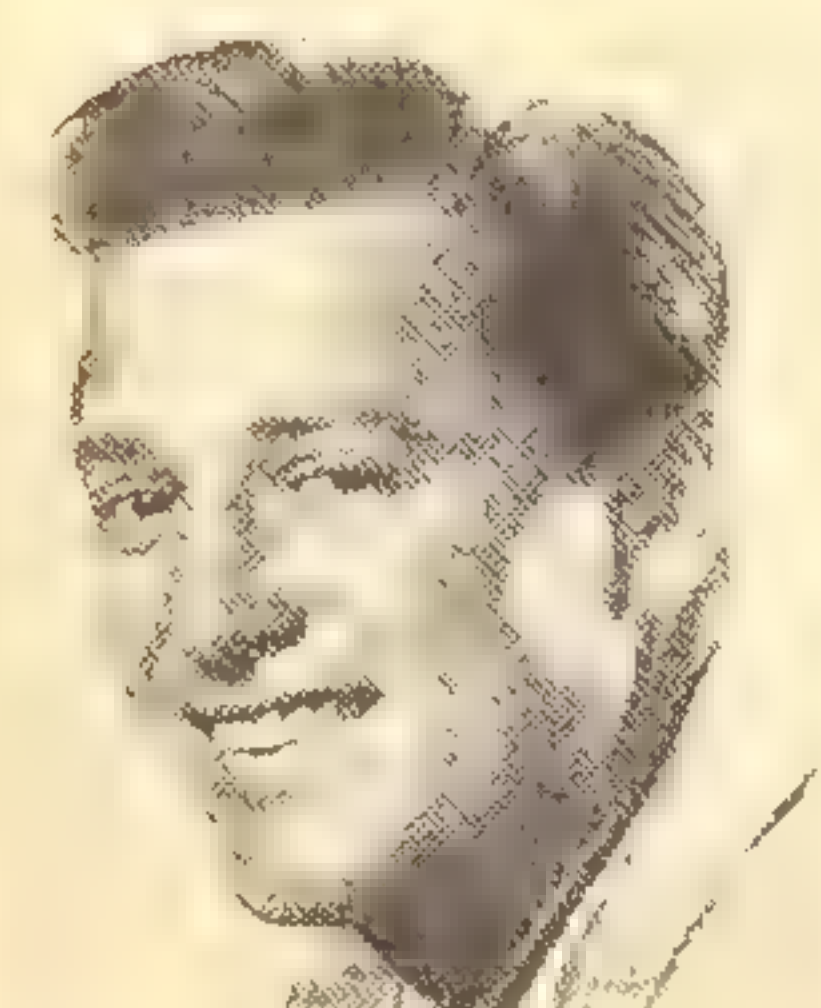
March 31—**Diane Jergens**
Shirley Jones
Richard Kiley



Jay C. Flippen
March 6



John Smith
March 6



Gordon MacRae
70 March 12



MacDonald Carey
March 15

Last Photos of Diane Varsi

(Continued from page 40)

in that tiny annex right next door to it. It's got two rooms upstairs. Two rooms down . . . Fools lots of curious folks who drive by Sundays to take a look and who think that maybe they'll get to see her and that little son of hers." He turned his head slightly. "She's been divorced twice, you know," he said. "Son's from the first marriage . . . Twenty-two years old and divorced twice. What do you think of that?" He looked back at the road. "Yup," he said, "that's it, up ahead, the small place. And it sure fools folks who drive by Sundays to take a look. Most of 'em think she's still got all that California money and lives in the big house."

He stopped the cab, with a jolt, in front of the little place.

"I better wait," he said, as we paid him and got out. "You're liable to be right back in here, you know."

We felt him watching us as we walked to the door and knocked; as—after a few moments—the door opened and Diane stood there looking at us; as she whispered something, surprised, at first; and then as she began to smile a little and said how nice it was to see us and asked us if we wouldn't come inside.

"You stayin'?" we heard the cabdriver call out, at that point.

We said we were, for a little while.

"Humph," he said. Then he said, "Well, let's make it a hour-and-a-half, if that's all right with you. 'Cause you can't phone me when you want me to come. She ain't even got a phone in there!"

Diane today

And, with that, he drove away. . . .

Diane closed the front door and led us into the living room of her house. As we walked along with her, we noticed that she looked lovely, and relaxed—more lovely, more relaxed than we had ever known her to look. She was dressed in slacks, light blue, and a white blouse. Her hair was longer than she had usually worn it, softer-looking, it seemed. Her blue eyes were bright. Her skin was clear, her cheeks rosy, minus the blemishes that had marred them at the time she left Hollywood.

The living room we entered now was a smallish room, no larger than eight-by-twenty; sparsely-furnished—with one couch, one chair, a phonograph, some records, a bookcase—half-filled, a Picasso print on one of the walls, a pair of neat but ancient-looking curtains on the window.

We both sat.

And Diane spoke first.

She asked us nothing about why we had come to see her (a subject we ourselves didn't intend to bring up immediately). Instead, she said, very simply, "Nobody has ever come to visit here before. You're the first company I've had in this house. It feels nice. Very, very nice."

Then, quickly, she began to ask about the few good friends she'd had in Hollywood the three years she was there, people we mutually knew.

She asked about Diane Baker, Dick Sargent, Dean Stockwell.

She'd worked with Dean in *Compulsion*, her last picture. They'd been very close. "Has he done any directing?" she asked. "I remember the last time I talked to him he said how anxious he was to do that."

We told Diane that as far as we knew he hadn't directed anything yet, but that he was doing lots of television. Had she seen him, we asked, in the Ernest Hemingway story, *The Killers*, a few months back?

Diane shook her head.

"Like the taxi man told you, I don't own a phone," she said, "and I don't own a TV either."

"Maybe when Shawn is a little older—maybe then I'll get one," she went on. "I mean, he'll want to see things like cartoons, the Disney things. And the way he's so crazy about cowboys—" She nodded. "Yes, I guess I'll have to get one then, when he's older . . . But not before."

We asked about Shawn, how he was.

"Sweet," Diane said. "A good boy." He went upstairs now, she said. He'd had his nap a little while earlier and he was upstairs getting dressed. "My mother's here for a while, with us, and she's helping. They get along very well. They're very *simpatico*, my mother and my son. They can spend hour after hour together and enjoy themselves thoroughly. Time passes very quickly for them."

And how was time passing for herself? we asked.

"It passes well," Diane said, smiling a little again. She brought her hands up behind her head. Taking care of her son—of her house—that made time pass, she said. Fooling around with her jeep when something went wrong with it—that made time pass. Taking classes at the college a few times a week—mostly in poetry—studying, reading, writing poetry of her own—that made time pass.

We asked Diane if we could read one of her poems, hear one.

"Never," she said, bringing down her hands and clapping them together, laughingly. "Nobody read Emily Dickinson's poems till she was dead. And nobody's going to read mine—ever." She winked. "Unless maybe one, someday, maybe, if I feel it's good enough."

She got up, suddenly.

"Coffee," she said, "—I should have asked you earlier. Would you like some? Good and hot and with rich brown sugar?"

We said we would.

Souvenirs

Diane headed for a door that led to the kitchen, stopped midway and walked over to the phonograph instead. She picked up the few records that lay on the floor, underneath the phonograph, and examined them. "Just so you won't get bored waiting," she said, "how about a little music?"

We noticed that one of the records was a capriccio by Saints-Saens. One was Bach—toccatas and fugues. One was the *Surprise Symphony* by Haydn. One was Kurt Weill's *Berlin Songs* . . . We remembered, silently, that these were the same few records Diane had had when she was back in Hollywood, in her home in Topanga Canyon. And we wondered, silently, if Diane kept these records, and only these records, as a link to the past, a past she somehow missed. Despite her relaxed look. Despite her smiles. Her laughter. . . .

We brought up the subject of returning to Hollywood, finally, a little while later, as we were having our coffee.

We brought it up suddenly, in order to get an immediate and true reaction.

And a reaction we got.

Before Diane said a word the coloring in her cheeks vanished, we saw. The brightness in her eyes dimmed. Her lips pursed momentarily. And then she sighed and, her voice tight-sounding, tense, she said, "I couldn't ever go back. It's not for me. It never was and it never will be. Know that . . . please. Please know that."

She was silent for a moment.

"Do you know what living out there did to me?" she asked, then. "When I got sick—you remember that, don't you? How the studio said I was just a little tired, nervous, needed a couple of weeks in the hospital? How they didn't say that for five days of those two weeks I was blacked out, completely blacked out, sick and tired and completely blacked out?"

"The opposition . . . Maybe the right word is jealousy, competition—I don't know. But the first word that comes to my mind is opposition. I felt it there, in that town, Hollywood. All the time. All over . . . I could never take opposition. Even as a little girl, playing a game, children opposing one another. I couldn't take it then, when I was small. I can't ever take it. Other people can. But not me."

She turned away from us, towards the window.

"Here it's different," she said. "There's nothing to fight here. For the first time in my life I'm somewhere where there's nothing to fight. There's only beauty here. Only nature. Things change—they are not stagnant here. Things change, and in their changing there is . . . peace. The peace of a snowfall, the peace of a bird in spring, the peace of the summer sun, of an autumn leaf, that turns color and withers but does not die, not really. There's quiet here . . . but there's life here, too, nonetheless. To me, it's the most real kind of life. It's seeing things grow, and die, and then become reborn again. There's no destruction here. There's only peace. And quiet. And the most beautiful kind of strength."

Shawn

She rose again, suddenly, at the sound of a noise on the staircase.

"And there's him, my son," she said, walking toward the doorway. "I have him all the time here. He's mine here. No maids, no nannies, no baby-sitters sitting by while I am off in the world of make-believe. I have him, in this, my real world. And, believe me, I need nobody except my baby."

Shawn, a handsome, blond-haired boy—three-and-a-half years old now—rushed into the room at this point, and over to

Diane. He wore a fancy little cowboy suit. He held a small object in his hand.

"Mommy," he asked, holding up the object, "What's this?"

"A Brillo pad," Diane said. "That is called a Brillo pad."

"And what's that?" Shawn asked.

"A pad—for cleaning—that I use for cleaning the kitchen. and the bathroom," Diane said.

Shawn nodded.

"Oh, I see," he said.

Then he asked. "And what are you, Mommy?"

Diane looked down at her son for a moment. And then she knelt and took him in her arms and she hugged him, very tight.

"I am a person, Shawn," she said. "And more and more and more, as I live, I hope to become a better person. . . ."

A message from Diane

The cabdriver removed the toothpick from his mouth as he drove away from the house.

"Well," he asked, "you get what you came for?"

No, we told him.

"Too bad," he said. "Not even any pictures with that camera you lugged?"

A few pictures, yes, a few pictures we got, we said. But they were the last pictures that would ever be taken of Diane Varsi, we added. Because nobody was ever going to come bother her again. We had come with a message. Now we would return with one. *Leave her alone*, we would say to the world outside. *She is happy. She is very happy. And what is more important than that?*

The old cabdriver shrugged.

"Humph," he said, "and why shouldn't she be happy here? This is a friendly place we have here, ain't it?"

As he said that, a very light snow began to fall. And we thought of what Diane had said about her snowfalls here, of her bird in spring, of her summer sun, her turning leaves, of the joy these things brought her, the new-found love she felt for them.

And we said, "Yes, it is. A very friendly place you have here."

END

Biography of a Beatnik Boy

(Continued from page 23)

Joannie, then at his son Jim. "Didn't we, Mike, hah?—Didn't we get it?" he asked, squeezing the hand he was holding.

The small boy looked at the others, too, and nodded.

"The MGM," Papa Gubitoni said, "—the biggest studio in all Hollywood. They gave our baby a test today and before we could leave they said they want him for the *Our Gang*. The big, famous *Our Gang* comedies. He's a movie star, our Mike, our little boy. Everybody, get up from your chair and come kiss him."

The others did, obediently.

And as they did, Papa Gubitoni closed his eyes. "They laughed," he said, "they made faces, they whispered things behind my back, those people in Nutley, New Jers', when I told them: 'Yes, yes, it's true. I only got seventy-five dollar to my name, but I sick of this Depression and this WPA and I gonna pack my family in the car and take them to Hollywood, California, and make my Mike a movie star. Because he's got talent, my Mike. You just gotta hear him sing, a kid his age, to know that, how much talent he got!' . . . They laughed, and whispered. And, *San Rocco mio*, what they would have done when they see us

arrive here last month, all dirty and with only thirty-eight dollar left out of the seventy-five, and having to move into this place, two tiny room and a lousy tiny bathroom, worse than anything even in Nutley, New Jers', hah?"

He opened his eyes, quickly.

"Hah? What they would have said?" he asked.

The others, all standing now, nodded.

"Well," Papa Gubitoni went on, "the next things they're all gonna say, I can tell you what those are gonna be. They're gonna say, 'That Gubitoni, did you hear about his kid? He's in the *Our Gang*, in Hollywood, the movies, honest to God!' And ten years from now they're gonna say, 'That Gubitoni, you remember? Well, his kid's still in the movies, better all the time, working all the time, making we don't know how much money by now. *San Rocco mio*, and how we used to laugh at the old man. And just look at him and his kid today!'"

He looked down at his son.

"*Mi fai felice, Michele*," he said. "You make me very proud and happy, Mike, by what happen today."

"That's good," the boy said, shrugging.

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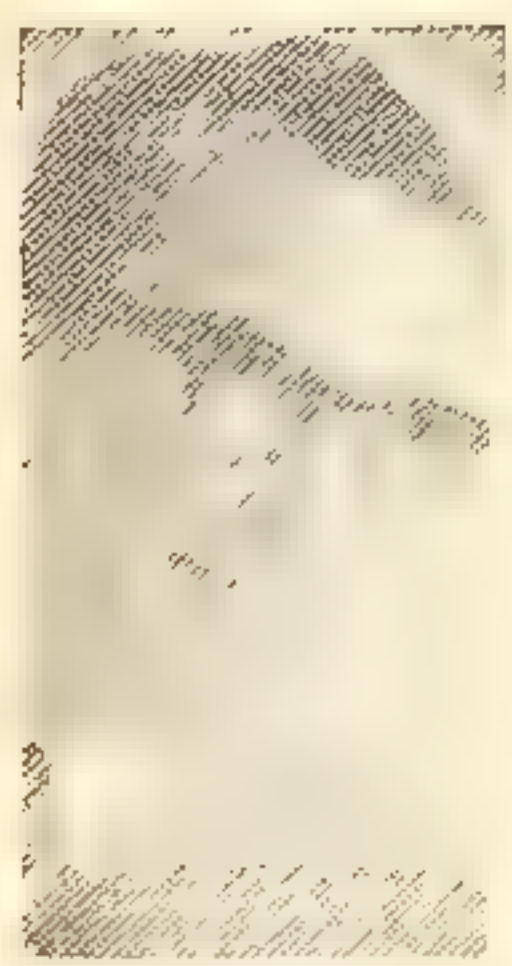
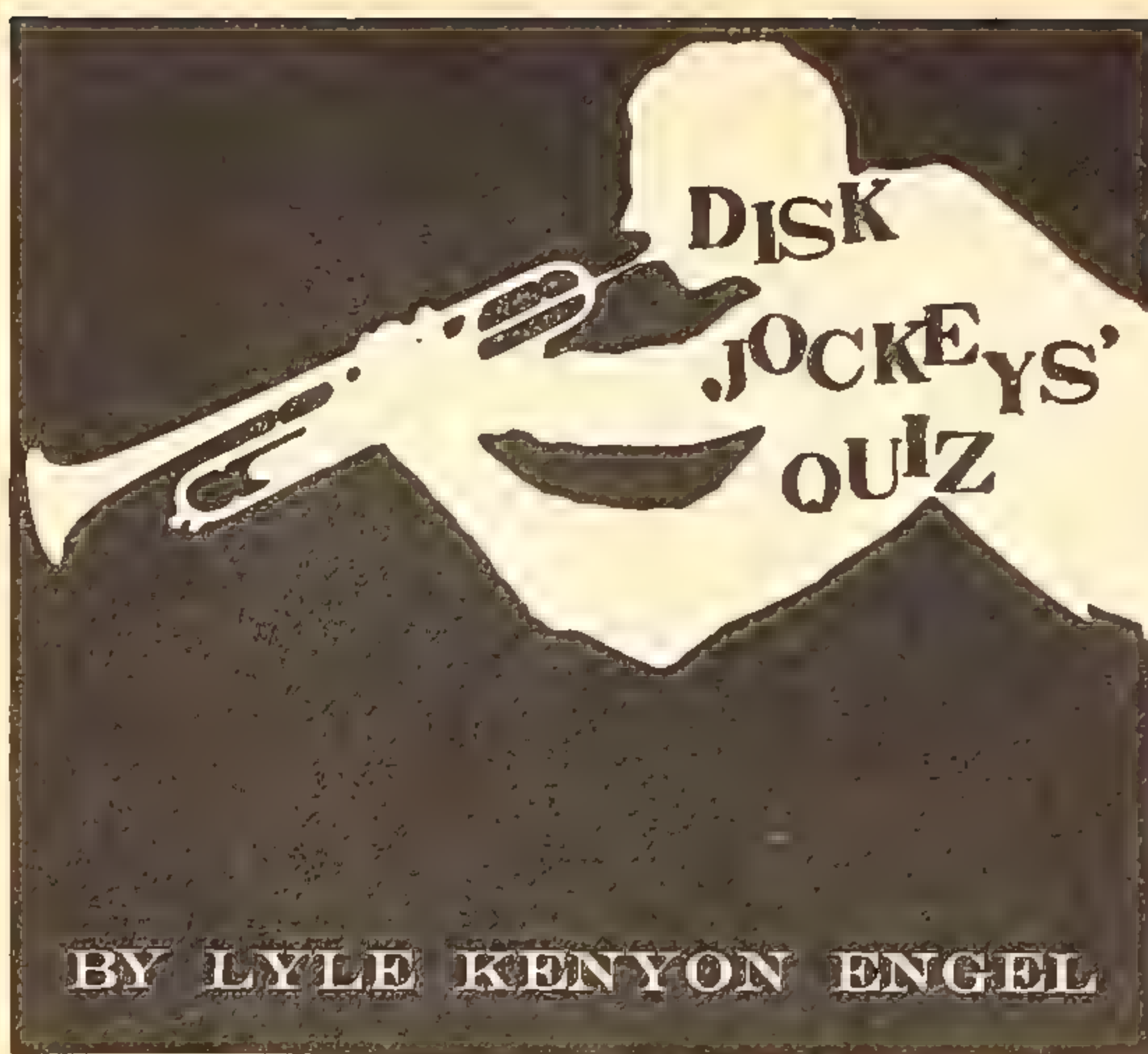
For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off



Fred Allen, WIRK, West Palm Beach, Fla.

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. He has attained phenomenal success as a vocalist in rather short time. He's married to Eydie Gorme, records for ABC-Paramount, was featured on the Steve Allen show.

2. This trio records for Capitol. The boys had a hit in Tom Dooley; their latest single is Coo Coo U. Their hobbies are

songwriting, surfing, sports car racing, and water-skiing.

3. This composer, arranger, conductor has long scored music for spectacular-type movies. His latest music is for the film Ben-Hur, and was released as an album by Lion Records.

4. This gal vocalist gained fame singing with Benny Goodman's band. She's appeared in movies, night clubs, on TV. She had million-record sellers Ma-nana, I've Got You Under My Skin. Latest album is Beauty And The Beat, with George Shearing.



Johnny Fairchild, KEZY, Anaheim, Calif.

6. This maestro-arranger is known for his lush arrangements. One of his own songs is Holiday For Strings. Lion has issued an album titled The Magic Melodies Of ———.

7. This orchestra leader's famous for comedy song-renditions, is married to vocalist Keely Smith. Latest album's Hey Boy, Hey Girl; latest single's My Cucuzza, backed by Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop, Dot Label.



Joe Knight, WFBR, Baltimore, Md.



Ken Gaughran, WREB, Holyoke, Mass.



Norm Stevens, WMGM, New York City, N. Y.

1. Steve Lawrence
2. Kingston Trio
3. Miklos Rozsa
4. Peggy Lee
5. Frankie Avalon
6. David Rose
7. Louis Prima

"And all of us, the family," Papa Gubitoni said, looking back at the others, "all of us should be very proud of our baby."

"We are," his wife said.

"We are," said Joannie, then Jim.

"Now," said Papa Gubitoni, walking over to the table, still holding his young son by the hand, "for tonight you sit here, at my place, Mike. And you eat in the place of honor. And as long as you live you will remember this night, and the happiness that you bring to all of us."

He let go of the boy's hand.

The boy stood there, motionless momentarily, confused.

"Go 'head, sit," Papa Gubitoni said.

And as the boy did, finally, Papa Gubitoni picked up the plate in front of him and walked to the stove to serve him himself. . . .

Hard work and pampering

"I played in the *Our Gang* series for five years, till I was ten," Robert Blake (formerly Michael Gubitoni) says today. "I don't remember much about those years except that it was a lot of hard work and that I got a lot of pampering, from my father at home and from producers and directors at the studio. But then, when I was ten, the series was dropped, I was released from my contract and the misery began. At first it centered around school. I was sent to a public school for the first time in my life and I found out right away what people on the outside thought of child stars. They hated them. The teachers figured I had to be snotty, because of my background, and so that's what they were to me. Snotty. The kids—they were even worse; the same kids who used to run to see me on the screen on Saturday afternoons. Well, I found out the movies were one thing and real life was another. And now that these kids had me in their midst, in real life, I was like some crippled monster to them. They'd pass jokes and push me around and a couple of times a few of them sneaked up on me and pulled off my pants and threw them out the window. As time went on, things got worse. I got beat up more than once and I guess the only reason I never fought back was that I figured once I started throwing my fists around I would never stop. Anyway, that was school, the misery there. Then there was the misery at home. My father, he was like a broken man when I wasn't working. He'd had this big dream about me going places, and now nothing was happening. He was broken, defeated. And always complaining. Twice he got happy again. Once was when I was about twelve and Republic Pictures signed me to play Little Beaver, the Indian boy, in the *Red Ryder* series. That was a big success. And Pop was happy. While it lasted. Then, when I was fifteen, I was signed to play in *Black Rose*, with Tyrone Power. Pop was real happy this time. His son was off to Europe to make a big-time picture with a big-time star for a big-time studio. This was going to be it. The beginning of the real big stuff. But when Pop's son—when I got back from Europe that week end and went back to school that Monday morning and got beat up by a couple of tough guys and then got a paddling on the behind by the vice-principal who said it was me who started the whole thing, well, I went home and told my father I didn't care what, but the hell with movies, and I wasn't ever going to make another one again. We had a big fight. I don't want to say too much about it, because it's about my family and I don't want them to be hurt by this. But things came up during the fight like me asking what happened to all the money I'd made all these years and why didn't we ever seem to have a cent, nothing, nothing except for this new house I'd bought, and

I started hearing from my father about some bad investments he'd made with the money—bad investments—bad property—bad land—bad this—bad that—and I stopped my father right in the middle and told him I was getting out, leaving, that I didn't want to live in this place anymore. I went upstairs to pack a suitcase. When I came back down I could hear my parents talking in the other room. My mother was crying and saying, 'He shouldn't break up the family like this.' My father was saying, 'That boy belongs in the house, with us. What does he mean by wanting to leave? What does that ungrateful boy mean? That ungrateful boy!' My sister Joannie was standing there, near the front door, as I came down the stairs. She didn't say anything but I could tell from her expression that she understood why I had to go. I was sick and miserable from everything and I couldn't take it anymore. She understood, a little at least. So I walked past her and out the door. For a while, I just walked down the street, lugging my suitcase. I didn't know where to go. I didn't really have enough money to go anyplace. And then, suddenly, it came to me. There was this couple, parents of this guy I knew who was away in the Marines. I'd visited them a few times. They were pretty poor, so I didn't know if they could take me on. They were pretty drunk, too, those few times I'd seen them—I'd even heard they were alcoholics—so I didn't know if they'd want to take me on. But they were good people. And they'd been nice to me. I remembered that. And I thought I'd go to them and see what they'd say. . . ."

Cure for the woes

"Hello there, son," the man, all bleary-eyed, said when he opened the door and saw Bob. "Sure, sure I remember you. And how've you been? Going someplace with that valise? Wanna stay here? Sure. Sure. Now come in and talk to Mama first. And tell me, how've you been?"

"Wanna stay here?" the woman was asking Bob a few minutes later. "Well, now, I'm not gonna pry into why. Ain't none of my business. But I'm gonna tell you this. If you do stay with us, we want you to be happy. We don't want you feelin' formal about things or addressin' us Sir and Ma'am, like you been doing. Pop there—he's Unc. And me—I'm Aunt. That's the only condition we lay down with you. We want you to feel like part of the family. And if you don't like that, you can git." (They all laughed.) "You'll stay?" (Bob nodded.) "Well, good. Now let me show you where you'll sleep and then let's all keep quiet and watch TV!"

It was a little after eleven that night—they were sitting in the parlor, watching the News—when Unc passed Bob the bottle he and Aunt had been drinking from, and a glass.

"Help yourself. It's Four Roses—not that cheap stuff. It'll do you good," he said.

Bob shook his head.

"I don't drink hard—" he started to say.

"Hard?" Unc asked, interrupting, his eyes still glued on the screen. "Why, boy, that what you have in your hands, that is the softest and the gentlest stuff in the whole world. It's warm. Clean. Alcohol kills any impurities. You should know that. And it'll make you feel better, if it's woes you got. It's made me and Mama feel better a long time now. Contented's what we are now. Contented, not woeful no longer. . . You got woes, boy?"

Bob nodded. "Yes," he said.

"Then help yourself to that stuff. Not too much. But not too little, either, if'n you want to get the proper effect."

Bob looked at the bottle and the glass in his hands. Then he looked over at Aunt

and Unc, sitting there, holding their glasses. They both seemed very contented.

And so, after a moment, he found himself pouring a drink. . . .

"I went to bed dead drunk that night," he recalls, "and I was relaxed and happy for the first time I could remember, and glad I'd gone there to stay. I stayed two years, in fact, until about a year after I graduated from high school. Practically every night of those two years I got drunk. Not rowdy. Not out in bars. But home, just me and Aunt and Unc together, real quietly, slowly, friendly-like, watching our TV till the moment came when I just went to bed and forgot everything that had happened in my past and didn't care what happened in my future. Drunk. Happy. Glad I'd come to stay. . . . The one thing I didn't count on, though, was getting sick. After high school, I'd taken on some jobs. Construction gangs, lifting crates in a TV factory, stuff like that. Heavy work. Sweat work. Almost like self-punishment work. Well, after a while, between the work and the drink, I got sick. I dropped about twenty pounds, to 115. I had headaches all the time, stomachaches, aches in the neck, the arms, everywhere. . . . Then one night Aunt and Unc had a talk with me. They said they didn't want to butt into my personal affairs, but that maybe what I needed was to get back to acting. We talked a long time, me saying that it was the last thing I wanted to do, ever, and them saying maybe now that I'd been away from it two years I would find it different to go back to, better. While they talked, I began to realize something. That these people had been carrying me for a long time now, that I was becoming a broken arm to them, that I'd never given them more than a few bucks a week and that maybe it was about time I did something to pay them back. So I said okay. And a few days later I

got myself an agent. . . . I'd never had an agent before. Pop had always handled everything for me. But I signed with this fellow Carlos Alvarado now and I went back to work. There was plenty of work, mostly TV, some movies. And I started making plenty of money. The checks really came flying in and for the first time they were addressed to me and came to me. The money felt good. I payed back Aunt and Unc every cent I owed them. I bought a car, too, an old Ford jalopy, yeah, but the first thing I'd ever actually owned. It felt great sometimes at night to sit back and think I was paying my debts and had a car and that if I stuck with this acting thing I'd never have a debt again and own lots more things.

Beatnik

But in the morning, mornings I had to go to work, back to the studio, the feeling was different—lousy and sick again, as if getting out of bed and knowing that in a little while I'd be walking through that studio gate was like knowing I'd be walking right into my own coffin. The memories were still with me. My father. The big star I was supposed to be to him. School. The teachers calling me Snotty. The kids laughing, pushing, hitting, hating. The brand of Outcast, my label to the outside world. Me, me myself, running away from home and taking to drink and practically turning into a vegetable. And why? I knew why. That it was because of studios like this one I had to get up and go to that all this had happened to me. Because of that great industry known as the movies, TV, acting. Because of the big swell glamorous life you were supposed to get out of all this and never, except in few rare cases, did. . . . So one morning, waking up, thinking, I decided the hell with it all again, and I stayed in bed. I'd be a vegetable again, I

figured. Nobody'll be hurt but me, so what difference did it make. I hung around. I didn't work—not at construction, not at acting, not at anything. I became a bum. I became a Beatnik bum, the worst kind. I didn't want any friends, but I couldn't take being alone either, so I joined the Hollywood coffee house herd, the weirdos in sandals and jeans, the phonies, the people who had settled for their misery. I wallowed in their company, in the stink of their life. And when, after about six months, I got my letter from Uncle Sam, telling me he wanted me to come serve in this man's Army, I couldn't have cared less. Even when, after basic training, they sent me up to Alaska and stationed me at Anchorage and I met a girl, a beautiful girl named Gloria Cross, a ballerina, and we thought we were in love, me for the first time in my life, and then her father forbade her to see me—he didn't like soldiers, he said; we were all a bunch of no-goods out for no good, he said—I didn't care. Even when, after Anchorage, they sent me up to the north part of Alaska and put me into a guinea-pig experimental outfit that had to live in fifty degree-below weather, I didn't care. I didn't care about anything anymore. I didn't care the day that sergeant with the big fat face, the one who used to roar with laughter every time he saw me and called me *Little Beaver—Hollywood's Answer to the United States Army*, the day he came and told me I was going to be court-martialed. I just didn't care about anything anymore. . . .

"I was caught stealing . . ."

The Chaplain, a big Irishman, a Catholic priest, asked Bob to have a seat.

"I've sent for you, Private," he said, smiling a little, "so that we could have a talk about this court-martial. A private talk."

"There's nothing much to talk about,"

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

2. I LIKE ROBERT BLAKE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

3. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

4. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

5. I LIKE DIANE BAKER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

6. I LIKE PAMELA LINCOLN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE DARRYL HICKMAN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

Bob said. "I committed a crime, I was caught and now they're going to get me."

"This crime," the Chaplain asked, "what was it?"

"I told you I stole," Bob said.

"And you stole what—a jeep, a truck, an airplane?" the Chaplain asked.

"Aw, come on. You know what I stole," Bob said. "You've read the reports. I stole a can of gasoline."

"And why, Private?" the Chaplain asked.

Bob shrugged. "It's not important," he said.

"But it is," the Chaplain said. "If you're convicted of this charge it could mean years, long years, in prison."

"So what?" Bob asked.

"I want you to tell me *why*," the priest said, raising his voice now, the smile gone from his face. "I want you to stop being a wise guy and tell me why, so that maybe I can help you."

"Well," said Bob, "at night when you and all the other officers are sleeping in your barracks, we guys—"

He looked down.

"You guys what?" asked the Chaplain.

"We guys," said Bob "—we're out in those tents of ours."

"Yes," the Chaplain said, breathing deeply, "yes, I know."

"Father," Bob went on, staring down at his shoes, "the last few nights . . . it's been murder. Fifty-five below. Fifty-eight below. Four nights ago one of our guys, while he was sleeping, his ears froze and turned black on him. The next morning the medics came and took him away. That afternoon they cut off one of his ears. A big guy. A healthy guy. They took off one of his ears."

"Yes," the Chaplain said.

"And two nights ago," Bob said, "I woke up. It was in the middle of the night. And I saw this guy who sleeps next to me. He'd been mumbling something about his fin-

gers beginning to turn color and freeze. He was afraid they were going to freeze but good in a few hours and that they'd have to be cut off, too. And so he was standing there now, trying to make a fire out of two lousy post-cards he'd received from home. He was crying and shivering and afraid, and his hands were so frozen he couldn't even strike the match. . . .

"Well," Bob said. He paused. "Well, our stove had gone out. We'd used up all the gasoline we had for the night. We needed more. I knew, too, where the gasoline was stored. So I left the tent and went there and stole a can and came back and filled up our stove. It was a little warmer after that. It wasn't as cold as it had been before."

He looked up.

"That's it," he said. "That's what happened."

"And you were caught," the Chaplain said.

"This sergeant," Bob said, "in the morning, he followed my footprints from the storehouse to the tent. I was caught, all right."

The Chaplain offered Bob a cigarette now, and took one for himself.

For a while neither of them, the priest nor the private, spoke.

And then the priest said, "Blake, I'm going to see what I can do for you, see if I can get you out of this mess."

Bob shook his head. "Father, I don't want to sound like that wise guy you were talking about before. But I say what I think. And I think that if you're doing this for me to be grateful, so that I start coming to Chapel on Sundays or do any of those things I don't do any more—well, I just don't want you to go wasting your time then. I'm not the kind of guy who goes to church or anything like that."

"You mean you don't want me bugging

you about God?" the Chaplain asked.

"If that's the way you want to put it," Bob said.

The Chaplain shook his head. "I'm not going to bug you, Blake," he said. "I'm going to try to help you, period, no strings attached, because I think you did the right thing, because I don't want you to be punished for something you felt you had to do . . . About God—" He sighed. "God will help you in His own way, in a way and at a time He deems best, when you're most alone, when you need His help most. For God, you see, Private, God—"

He shook his head again and put out his cigarette.

"I'll try to help you, son," he said, then, "—period, no strings attached. All right? . . . That's all."

"I got out of the court-martial, thanks to the priest," Bob remembers. "And after a while my Army hitch was over and I got out of that. And I found myself back in L.A., in Hollywood. And I found that things seemed somehow different about me, my life. I wanted to work, really wanted to work, for the first time. I wanted friends, too, people to like and to like me. It wasn't easy at the beginning. But as time passed, things worked out. I started getting the jobs, good jobs. And I started having friends. And I was closer to any kind of happiness than I'd ever been before. Like I am now . . . Sometimes I wonder how it happened. Why it happened. I honestly don't know. But sometimes I find myself thinking that maybe it has to do with what that big Irish priest told me that day, about God, God helping you when you're most alone, when you need that help. And I find myself thinking, *Well, maybe. . .*" **END**

Robert is in *THE PURPLE GANG*, *Allied Artists*.

7. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely

☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little

☐ 5 not at all

8. I LIKE PAT BOONE:

☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely

☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little

☐ 5 not at all

9. I LIKE DIANE VARS:

☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely

☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little

☐ 5 not at all

10. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:

☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely

☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little

☐ 5 not at all

11. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE TONY CURTIS:

☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely

☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little

☐ 5 not at all

12. I LIKE GENE BARRY:

☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely

☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little

☐ 5 not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____

MALE

(2) _____

MALE

(3) _____

MALE

(1) _____

FEMALE

(2) _____

FEMALE

(3) _____

FEMALE

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have more
fun?



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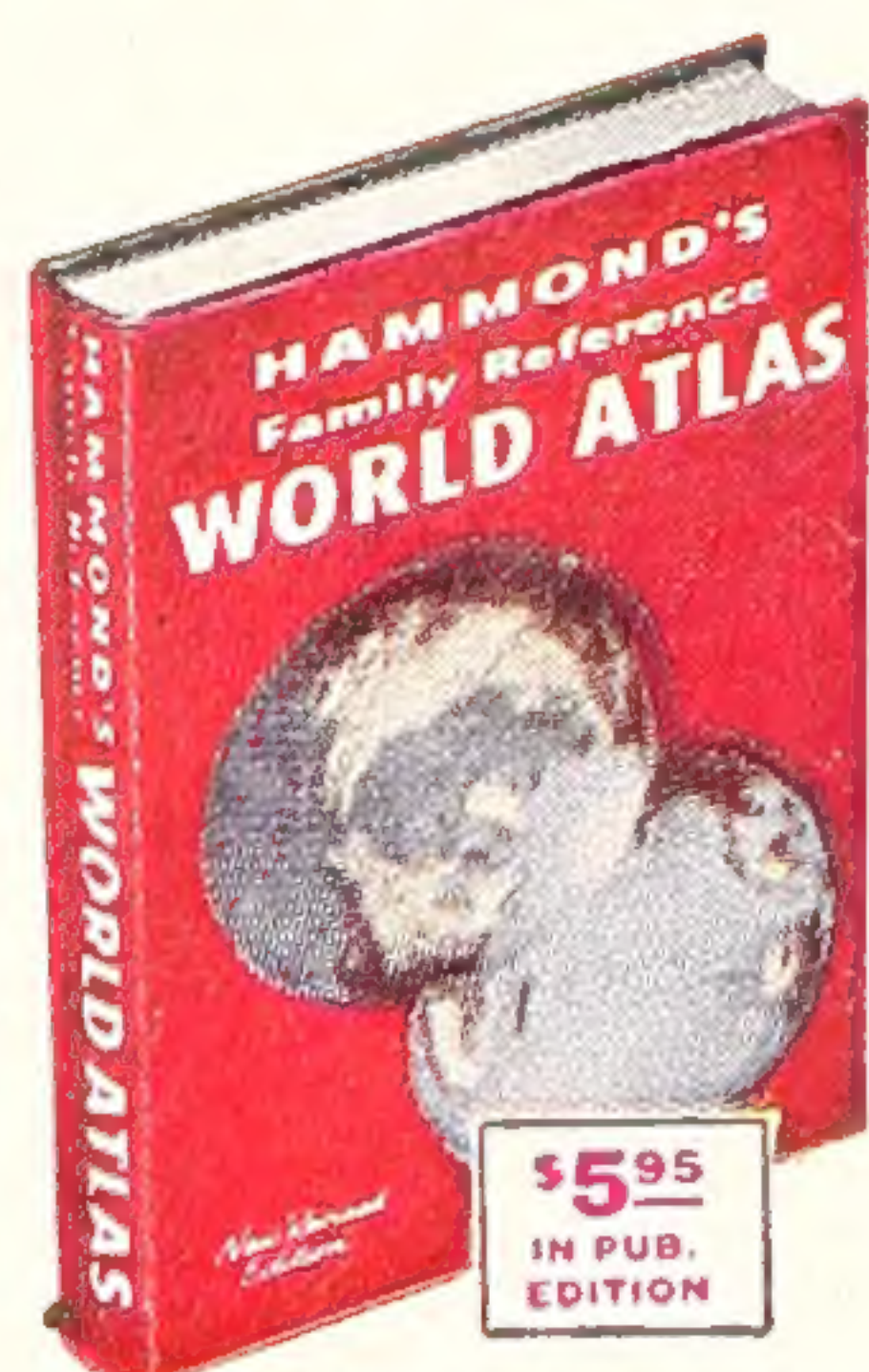
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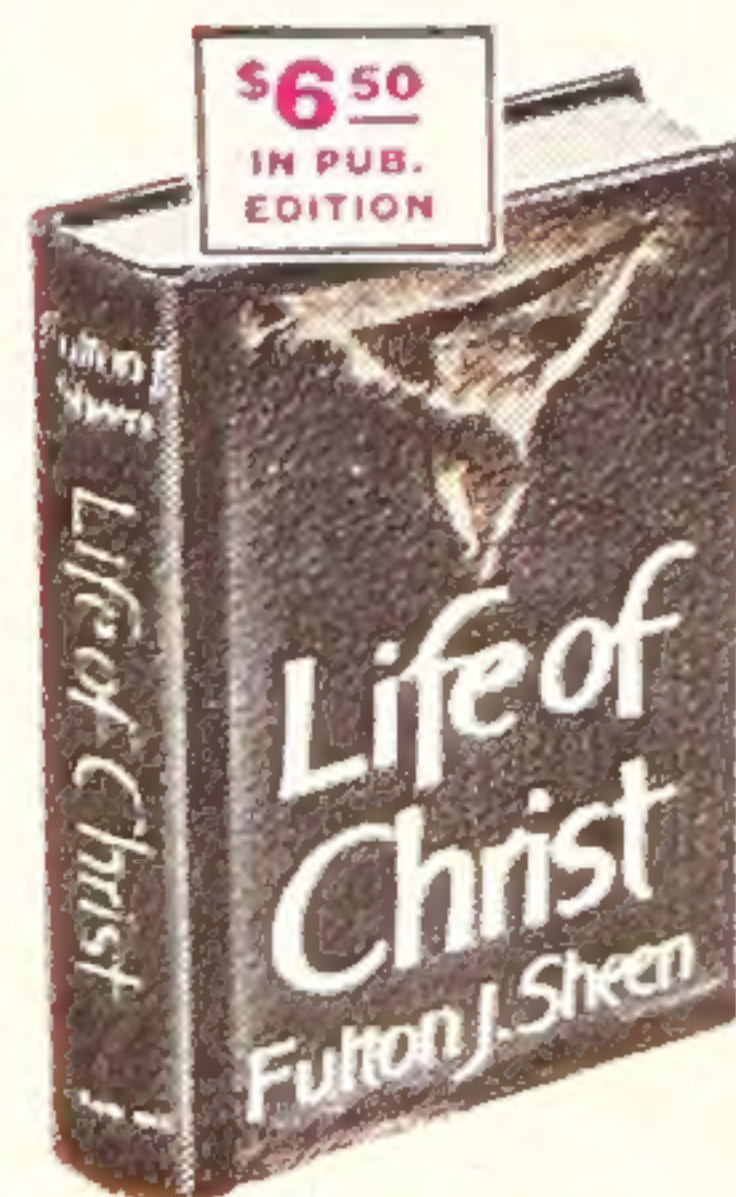
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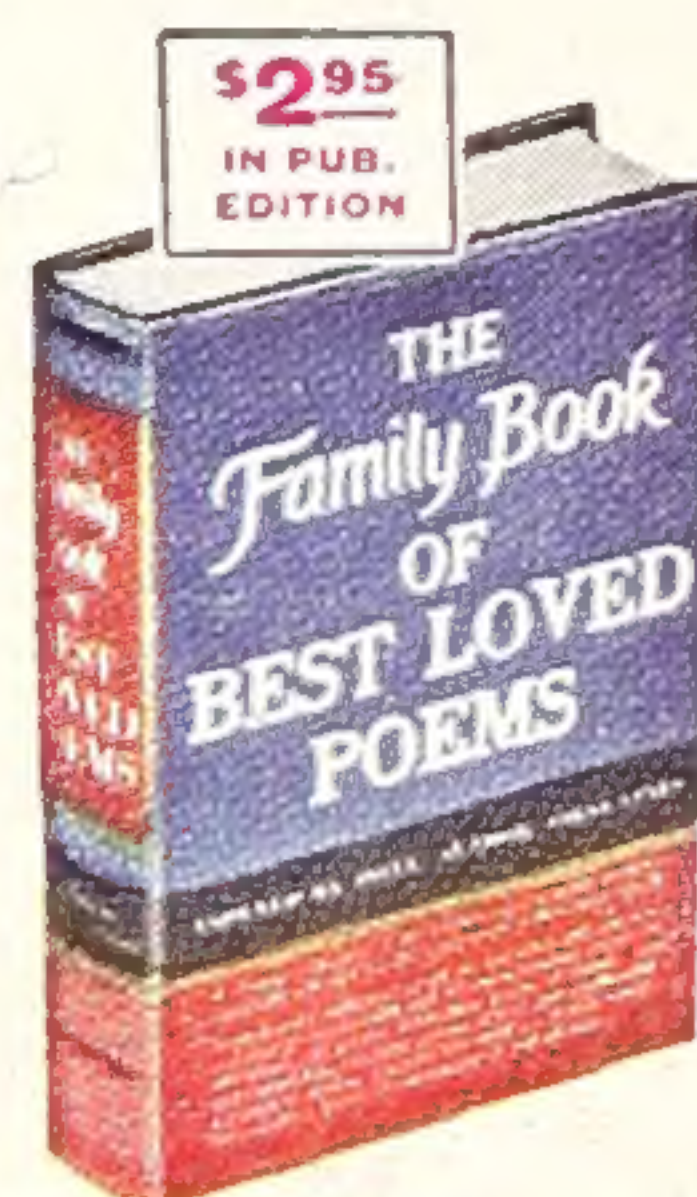
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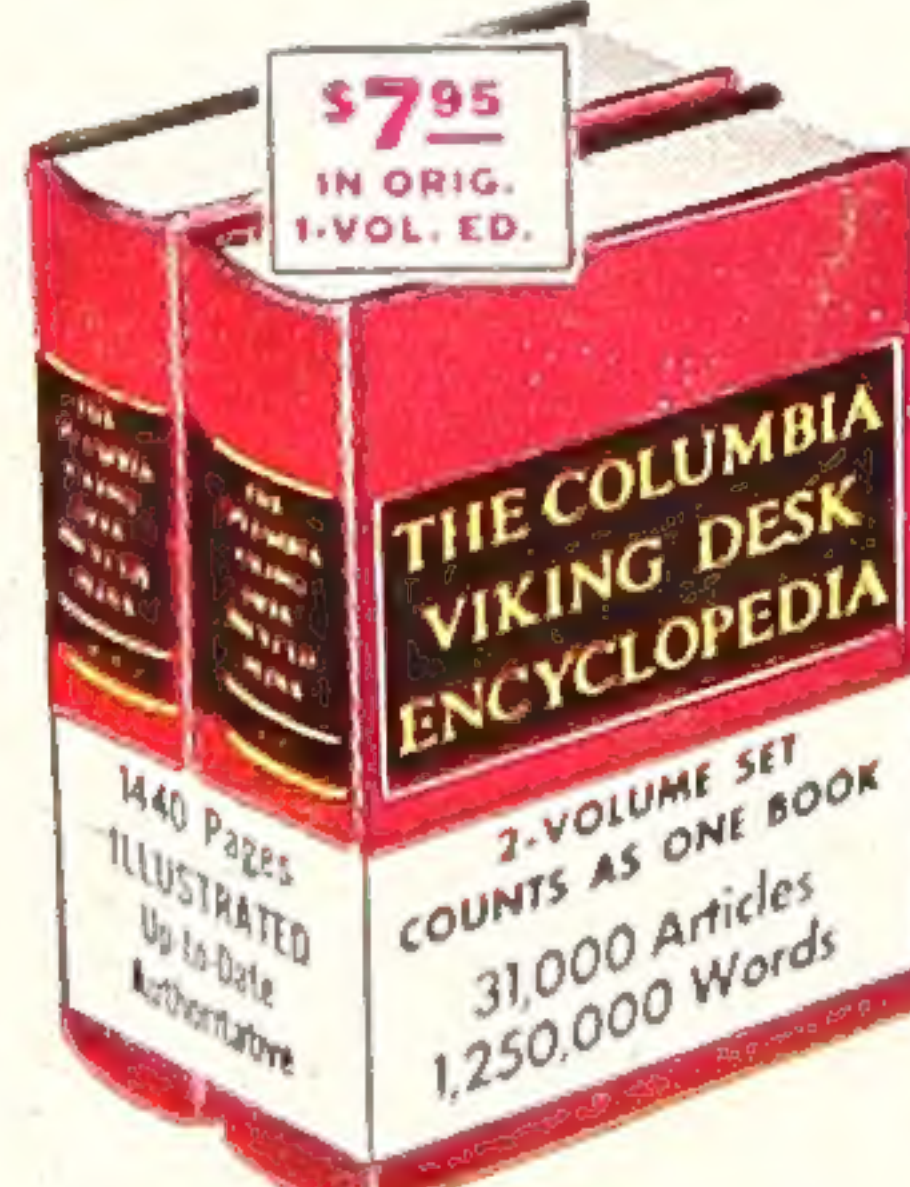
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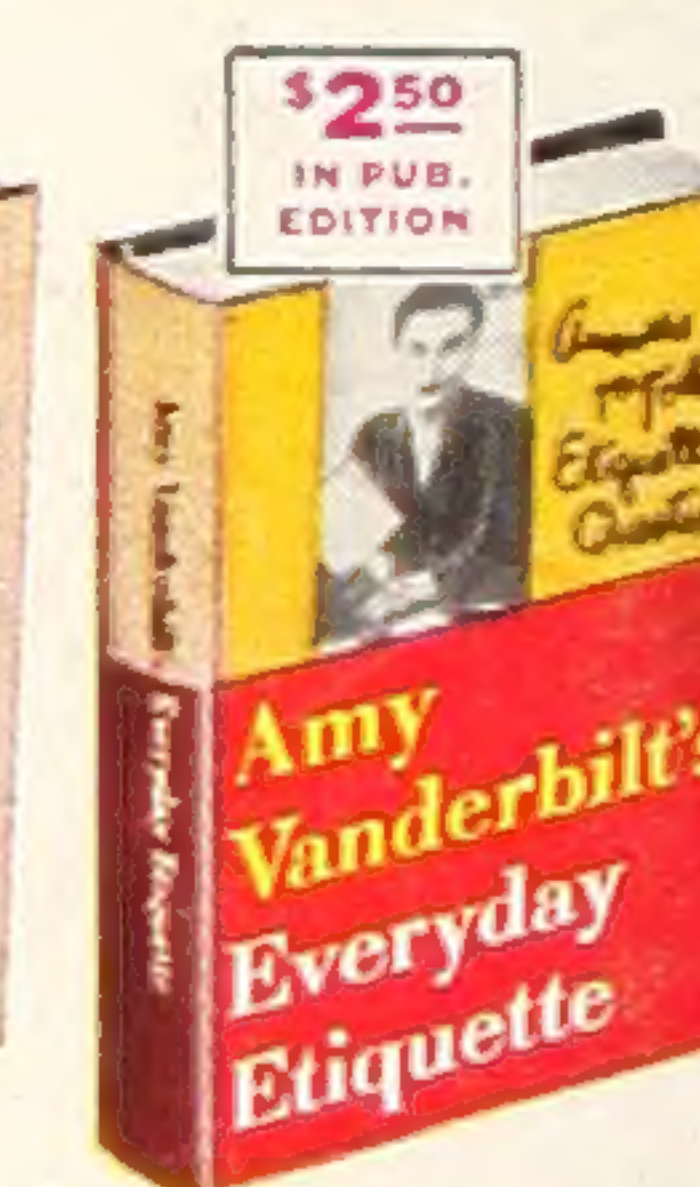
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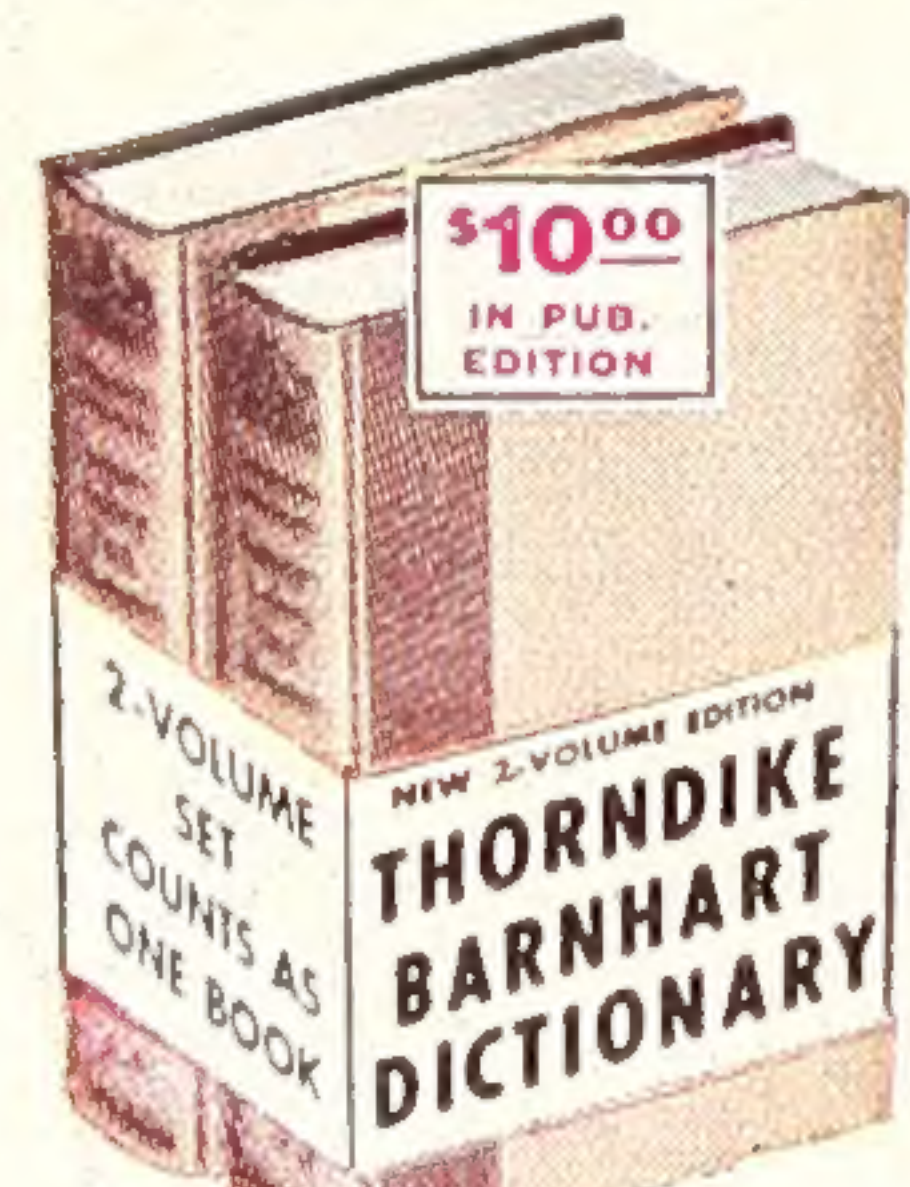
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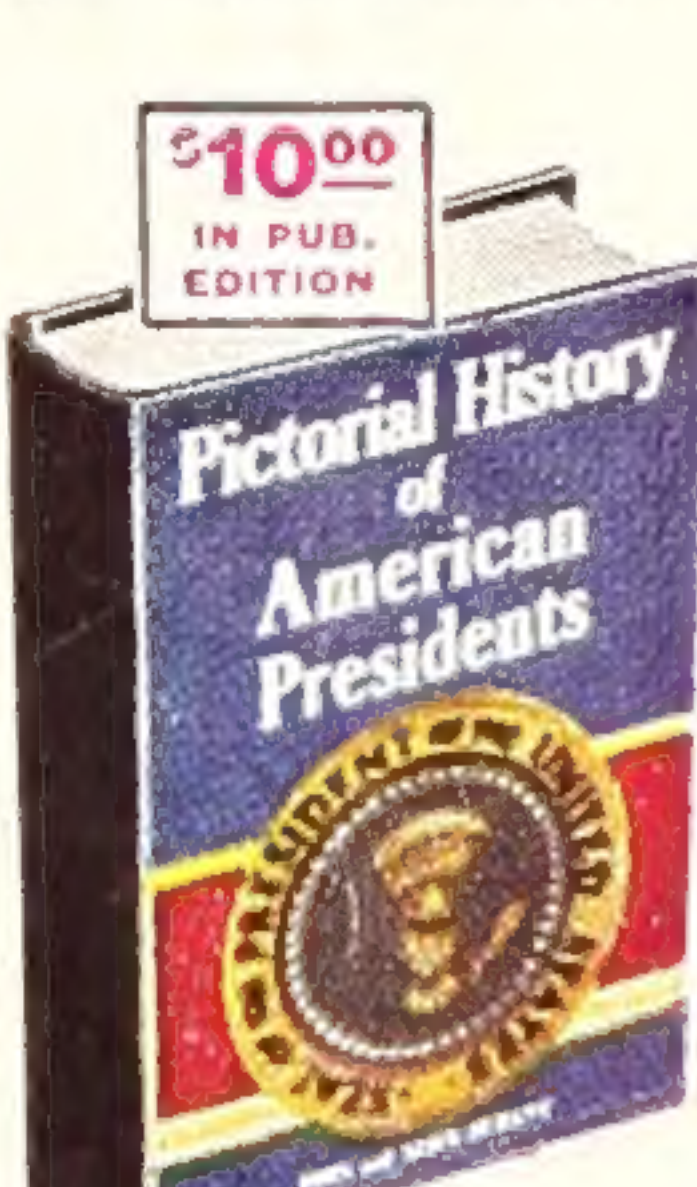
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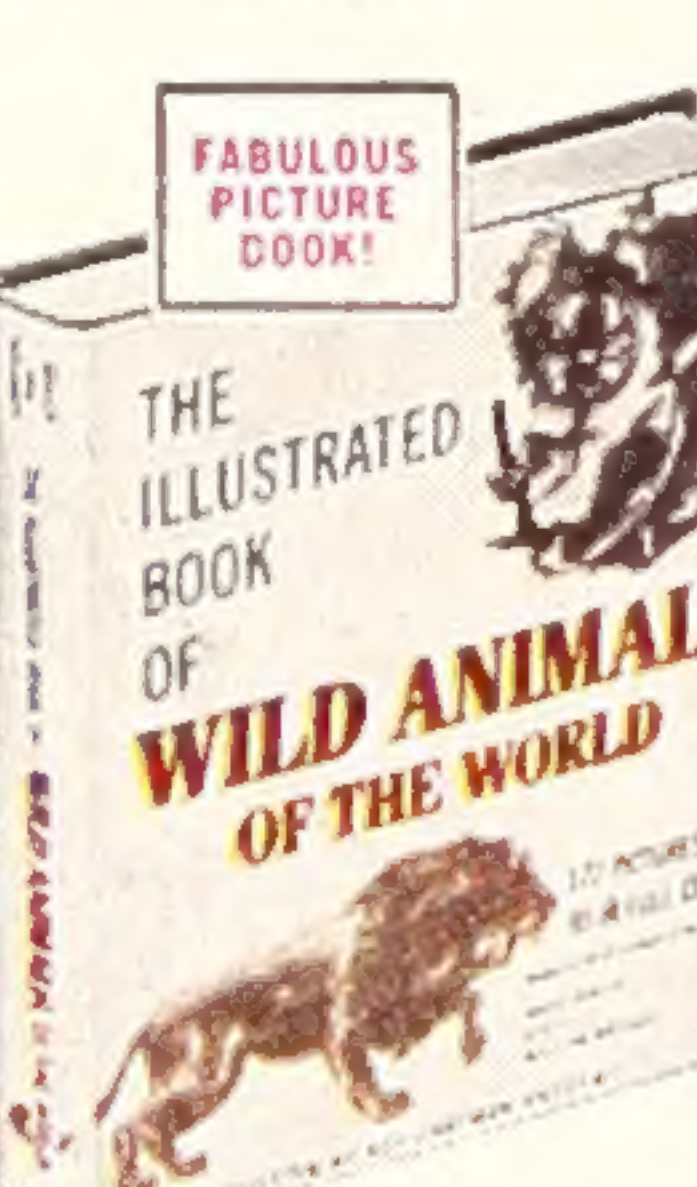
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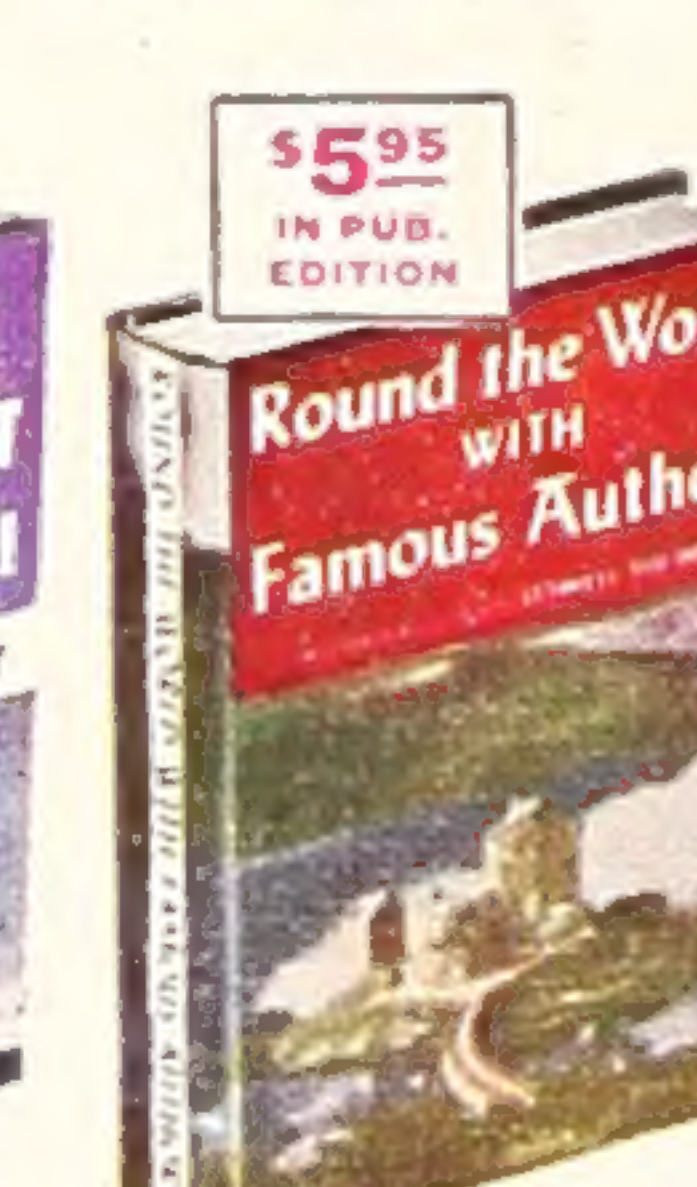
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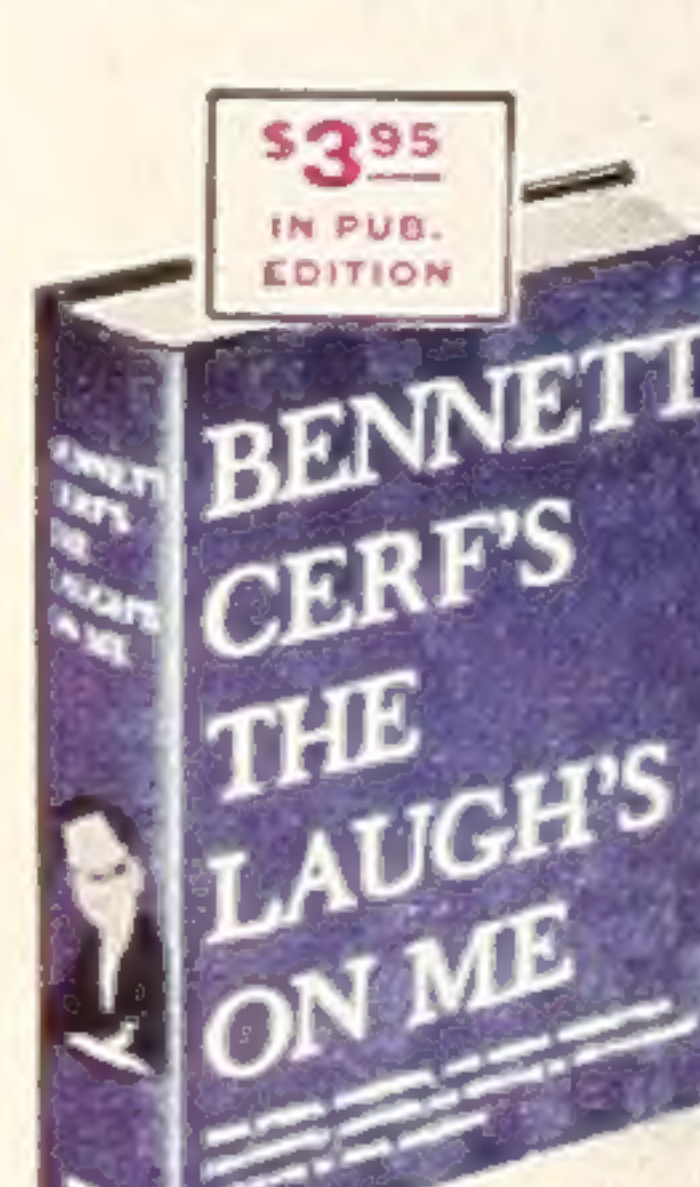
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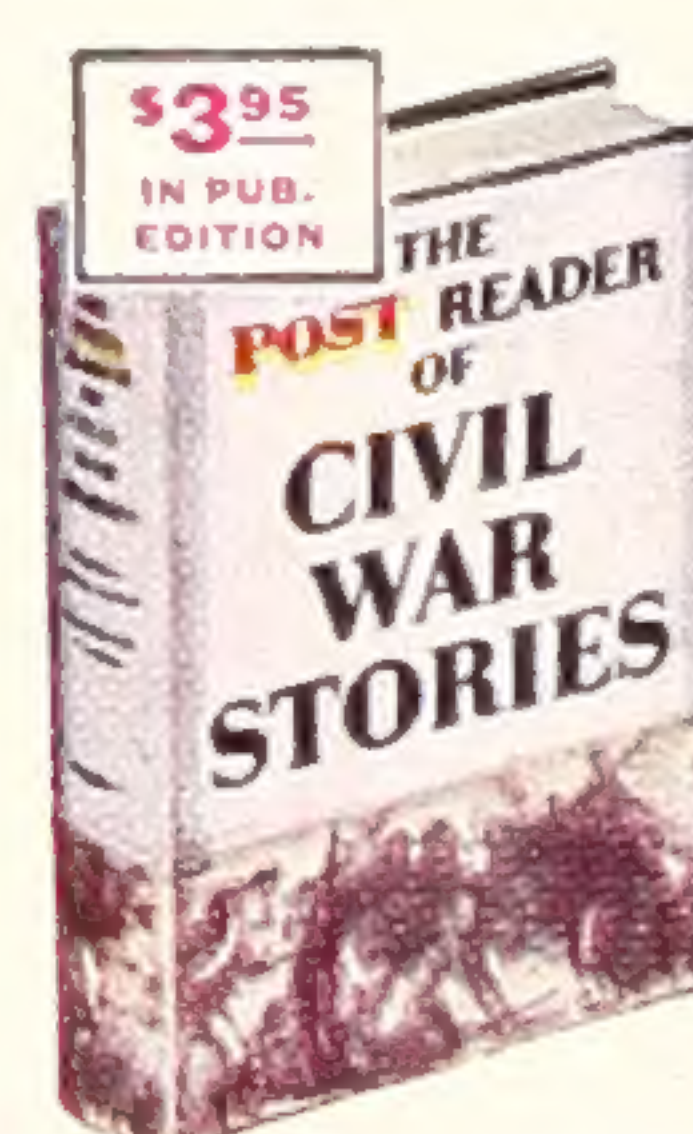
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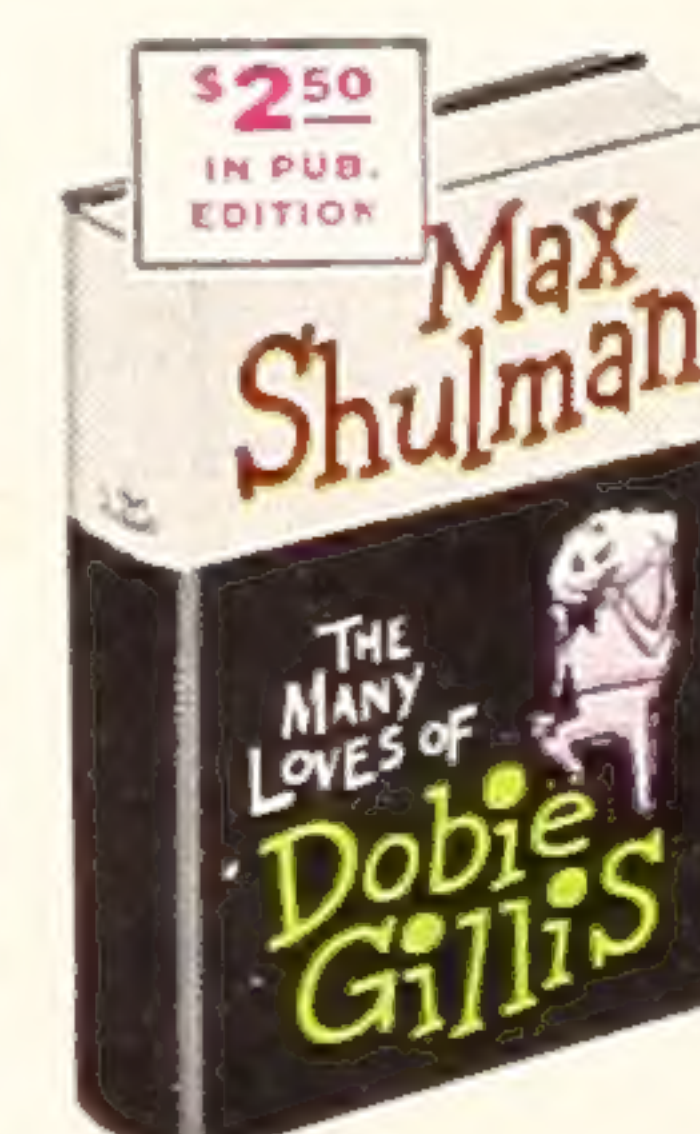
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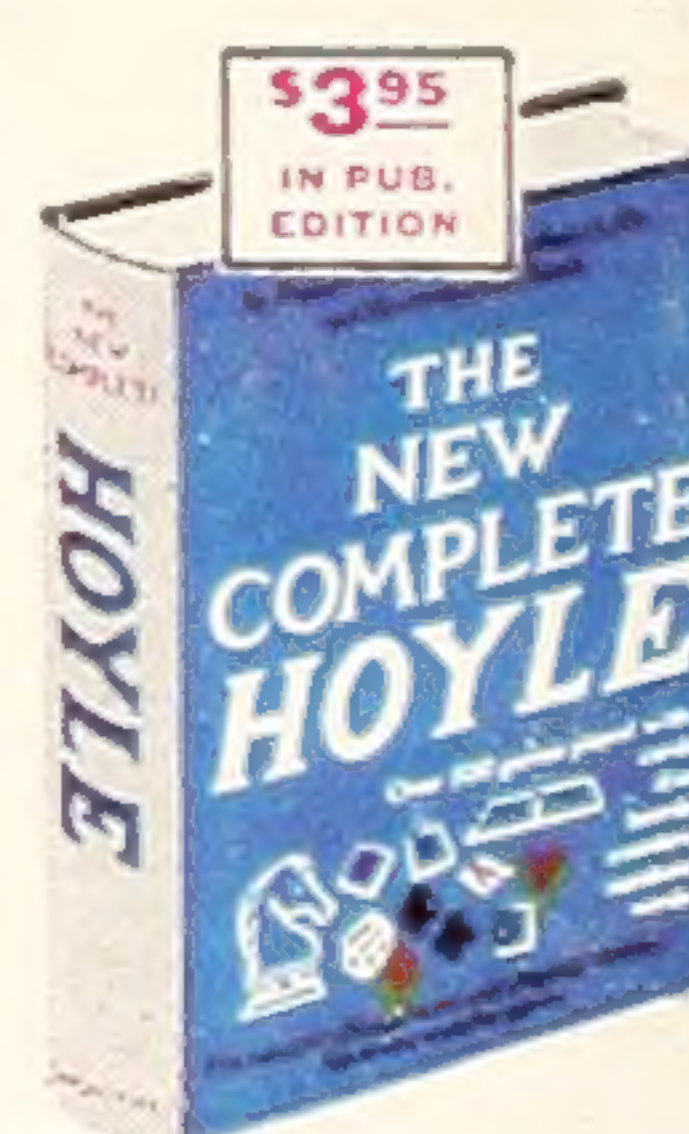
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